

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

No. 542

July 11, 1971

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MARKET How Six
FEARS: stopped
worrying P.7
SMILING CHINA P.5

TREVINO CELEBRATES OPEN WITH £2,000 DONATION TO ORPHANAGE



PUTTING PUNCH and reverence into his game: Lee Trevino using every encouragement to sink his putts on his way to win the 100th British Open Golf Championship at Royal Birkdale yesterday. Trevino, 31, added the title to the United States and Canadian Open championships he won within the past month. He announced he would be giving £2,000 of his £5,500 prize to a local orphanage. Donald Steel—P.31.

Assassination attempt on King Hassan Morocco army coup

By CATHERINE DODDS in Paris

AN attempt to assassinate King Hassan II of Morocco was made last night at the Skhirat Palace, 10 miles from Rabat, during his 42nd birthday celebrations. While communications with Morocco remained cut there was confusion in Paris as to what was happening and doubts that the King was unharmed.

Soviet Scientist: Why I quit

ANATOLI FEDOSEYEV, the Soviet scientist who has defected to Britain, today gives the first detailed statement of his reasons for breaking away from a life in Russia which has brought him high esteem but mounting and finally intolerable frustration.

First reports indicated that the Army had seized power and taken the King prisoner in a gun battle at the palace in which 30 to 40 people were killed. Among those said to have died was Gen. Mohamed Nmich, Moroccan Air Force Commander. The wounded were reported to include the King's brother, Prince Moulay Abdullah.

But a pro-Government Moroccan agency report insisted that the King was alive and well and had vested all civil and military powers in Gen. Mohamed Oufkir, his tough Interior Minister.

One French commentator wondered whether that statement was not part of a cover or holding operation, and that the danger might not be over or the King in the good health with which he was credited.

Confused reports

Communications between France and Morocco were cut at 8 p.m. Picking together confused reports received before then, it appeared that events at the palace were accompanied on the part of those who planned to overthrow the monarchy by a short period of control of the national radio station.

At 6.15 p.m. they announced to the country that the King was dead. They followed this with a statement that a republic had been proclaimed by the Army in the name of the Moroccan people and that the Army was in power.

Nothing was heard after that but martial music. It is assumed that about that time the Army had moved around Rabat in force, surrounding its headquarters, checking and controlling

Ministries and using weapons to clear out the radio and television centre, which it kept under a strong guard.

Paratroopers appear

Guests at the open-air reception near the palace swimming pool said they heard an explosion just after lunch. Suddenly paratroopers appeared.

Troops herded all the guests, including the entire Government and diplomatic corps, into a corner.

The Army then ordered the diplomats into lorries and made them sit on the floor with hands above their heads.

One said: "We could hear fusillades going on while we were sitting there." He speculated that these shots might have been executions. The diplomats were then driven off towards Rabat.

According to diplomats, shooting went on intermittently in the palace area for more than three hours.

All roads leading to the palace were blocked by tanks and armoured cars. Gendarmes ordered reporters away at gunpoint.

If Gen. Oufkir has even greater power than before and is completely in a position to use it, any remaining active

Continued on Back Page, Col. 1

Lord Snowdon throws wine at royal trainer

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

THE EARL OF SNOWDON, it was claimed last night, threw two glasses of wine over Mr. Peter Cazalet, the Queen Mother's horse trainer, at a party in London last week.

The incidents were said to have taken place at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Heinz at their Mayfair home on Wednesday.

Mr. Heinz is the head of the food company. About 400 people were at the party. It was said to have seen the incidents.

Dancing incident

It started, I understand, during a dance when Mr. Cazalet, 64, was dancing with the Countess of Westmorland, 42. During the dance Lord Snowdon, it is said, tried to "cut in".

Mr. Cazalet apparently declined to break up with his dance partner and is reported to have told Lord Snowdon politely "This is not America."

Later, I understand, Lord Snowdon threw a glass of white wine over Mr. Cazalet's shirt front.

The dance went on, and when Mr. Cazalet and the Countess passed a table at which Lord Snowdon was sitting a glass of red wine was thrown over Mr. Cazalet.

No zest

The story of the wine-throwing was confirmed by Mr. Cazalet's son, Mr. Victor Cazalet, at his home at Plaxtol, Kent.

He commented: "What you have heard is correct as far as I know. My father talked to me about an incident but naturally he did not talk about it with any real zest or enthusiasm. My father, I am told, was the perfect gentleman."

"He is not prone to losing his temper and he is a man who, for obvious reasons, will not tell you anything about any incident. All I can tell you is what I have been told and that is something did happen."

"I cannot tell you whether Lord Snowdon has apologised or not. I don't know whether he has tried to get hold of father yet."



"If we were not in such an aggressively unrepentant mood just now, we would apologise for the fact that our programmes are running five minutes late this evening."

Baby in new hot van rescue

Sunday Telegraph Reporter

Britain sweltered again yesterday as the heatwave continued to push temperatures up around the 80s. In London the thermometer reached 79F and at Heathrow Airport it was 81F.

Police in Wellington, Shropshire, broke into a van to rescue a baby boy lying in a portable cot with the sun blazing on him. The child was admitted to hospital with a temperature of 101F.

There was a shortage of water in the Lake District and a shortage of beer in Kent. Publicans who ran dry marched on a brewery in Maidstone to try to beat a ban on overtime by delivery men.

Official forecast—Back Page

LATE NEWS

BOYS RESCUED FROM CLIFF

A coastguard Mr. Gerald Plant, lowered 18ft down a 30ft cliff at St. Osyth, Essex, last night to rescue two boys trapped by tide. They were rescued from a cliff at St. Osyth, Essex, last night.

England lost Luckhurst without scoring in their second innings against Pakistan at Headingley yesterday, finishing the day at 17 for 1 after scoring 316 in their first innings. Pakistan scored 350.

Michael Melford—P.30

HAGGIS IN AN AGATHA CHRISTIE

By DEREK BOWMAN, Theatre Reporter

AGATHA CHRISTIE, who was made a Dame Commander of the British Empire in the New Year Honours, has written a new play, her first for ten years, at the age of 80.

The play is called "Fiddlers Five". In it Dame Agatha has combined a thriller theme with comedy situations.

Among the questions posed are "Who put the body in the deep freeze?" and "Who choked to death on a haggis in the wilds of Scotland?"

The play is about a tycoon who reaches his 70th birthday and concerns a £100,000 inheritance. It is to be presented by Mr. James Grant Anderson, the 74-year old actor-manager who has been playing the judge in Dame Agatha's earlier play, "Witness for the Prosecution", in a recent provincial tour.



Agatha Christie

BROKEN LEG

Dame Agatha may have to miss the premiere of her play, which opens at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, on August 16, as she is recovering from a broken leg after a fall at her home at Wallingford, Berkshire.

Her last play to be staged was "Rule of Three" in 1960 but four months ago she went to Paris to see the French version of her perennial "The Mousetrap" now in its nineteenth year in the West End.

"Fiddlers Five" goes to the Ascroft Theatre, Croydon, from Cambridge, which is treating the production, by John Downing, as "the theatrical event of the year". Booking there opens to-morrow week.

Chickens will be cheaper

By Our Agricultural Correspondent

Poultry prices will be down in many shops over the next few weeks. Cuts made so far by leading retail chains have been as much as 4p a lb.

Oven-ready chickens were on sale in London this weekend at 15p to 17p a lb. compared with 19p to 20p a week ago. The main reason is an increase in supplies after the fowl-pest epidemic.

But wholesale prices are still up by almost 2p a lb. compared with last year.

Private French beaches open

By Our Staff Correspondent in Paris

The public must be allowed access to all private beaches in France, M. Chalandon, Minister of Culture, said yesterday. All "private" beaches must go.

Britons and other foreigners visiting France have long resented the system whereby private owners have barred access to the foreshore. In 1964 Brigitte Bardot was made to demolish a wall alongside her house at St. Tropez.

M. Chalandon also announced that public footpaths will be built from roads to beaches which are at present inaccessible by land. In addition large areas are being allocated for resorts to buy additional stretches of foreshore to extend their public beaches.

ENGLAND BLOW

England lost Luckhurst without scoring in their second innings against Pakistan at Headingley yesterday, finishing the day at 17 for 1 after scoring 316 in their first innings. Pakistan scored 350.

Michael Melford—P.30

Signs of unrest among officers

By Our Diplomatic Staff

THERE has been speculation throughout the year that trouble was brewing in Morocco. King Hassan, with the aid of his strong-man Minister of the Interior, General Oufkir, had held the country under control with the Army and police.

Despite this, experts still considered it potentially the most unstable country in North-West Africa.

In the spring there was the uncovering of a plot to overthrow the king organised in Syria by Left-Wing Moroccans working with Palestine resistance groups.

'Arab struggle'

The king was aware that dissident trade unionists, Left-wingers and students were prepared to use his lack of support for the Arab 'struggle' as an excuse to overthrow his régime.

The king had introduced some reforms and the opposition (istial party (extreme nationalists) and the Left-wing Union National des Forces Populaires, had been gaining strong support in the country.

A simmering situation of discontent had developed. This was accentuated by increasing unemployment.

Foreign observers also detected signs of unrest among the junior Army officers. It was suspected that a faction was eager to stage a take-over on the Libyan pattern.

100,000 French

There are still 100,000 French inhabitants in the country from the days of French power there. If any extremist group comes to power their future will be bleak.

Observers firmly believe that the chances of a pro-Communist régime in Morocco are slight. Marxism is alien to the country's traditions and Moroccans have not been slow to notice that other North African



KING HASSAN II

States have burned their fingers with Communist aid.

From 1912 to 1956 Morocco was divided into a French protectorate, a Spanish protectorate and the International zone of Tangier.

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TODAY'S BROADCASTING 32

ROW OVER BOY PUT IN CAGE

Sunday Telegraph Reporter

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD boy who, with an older boy, killed school pets—pinea-pigs and hens—and drew tortoisoes on to the school roof, was afterwards imprisoned in a pets' cage at playtime and "made public spectacle", his mother complained yesterday.

The boy's parents are now refusing to send him back to St. Mary's Green infants' school, Walsby, Wores, and are seeking his transfer to another school.

The boy's mother said yesterday: "The lad admits he killed the animals and my husband punished him here at home because he had done something wrong. But we did not see him to be put in the cage. He is not a nervous type or he would have gone out of his mind."

"He said he didn't want to go to school again, but I said they couldn't put him back in the cage."

"When he came home next day his friends said he had been in the cage again. It's a good thing he's not a nervous type or he would have gone out of his mind."

'CHILDREN ANGRY'

Mrs. Joyce Stevens, assistant headmistress, said the boy was in the cage on the instructions of the headmistress for about ten minutes one lunch-time so that he could see what he had done. I had had to rescue him from a crowd of angry children who were calling him a murderer."

She said the two boys had taken into the cage with a pickaxe and killed three hens and a cockerel with sticks and tin snips and then "broke off the hens' legs."

They buried the heads of the three hens in the sand and drew things at them until they died. They then threw a number of tortoisoes on to the school roof."

Miss J. E. Fletcher, the headmistress, said yesterday: "I was going to get a punishment to the crime. The boy could have got out of the cage any time he wanted through the hole he had made to get in and out of the cage."

PRINCESS'S VISITORS

The Prince of Wales drove to the King Edward VII Hospital to see Princess Anne yesterday.

Princess Anne, who is making excellent progress in an operation for removal of an ovarian cyst.

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Founders of Britain's unit trusts

Blackout bonus for towns

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

REBATES worth tens of thousands of pounds are being given by electricity boards to towns throughout the country for power losses during last December's go-slow by generating staff.

NEWS ROUND-UP

LETTERS TWO YEARS LATE

THREE HUNDRED letters posted two years ago were delivered last week with an apology from the Post Office. The letters were found in a postman's locker at a Birmingham sorting office.

A spokesman for the Post Office in Birmingham said that after the letters were discovered they were specially delivered. All the recipients had received an apology for the delay. The postman has been suspended without pay pending an inquiry.

Mobile home for dogs

A SYDNEY company has designed a container to ship to Australia some of the 4,000 dogs and cats free to go from Britain now that import restrictions imposed after rabies have been lifted. Each container has 20 kennels and the door-to-door cost will be about £120.

Sonic bang test

A VETERINARY research centre at Macao, in the Burgundy wine district of North-east France, began a month's experiment yesterday of the effect of supersonic bangs on 2,900 chickens. The aircraft bangs are being artificially produced.

Royal visitor

THE Queen Mother visited a nuclear submarine for the first time yesterday. She attended the recommissioning at Rosyth of the Polaris submarine Resolution after a 15-months' refit which involved the first refuelling in this country of a British-built nuclear reactor.

Runaway bus

A RUNAWAY bus heading for a Swansea park lake where children were playing was stopped by Derek Bentley, 17, of St. Thomas, Swansea, who ran alongside and jumped into the cab. Six passengers who jumped off while it was moving were slightly injured.

Sinatra flies out

FRANK SINATRA left London after a surprise 48-hour visit during which he dined with Mr. Walter Annenberg, the American ambassador, and his wife.

THE SERVICES TOP SHOTS

Queen's medals for the champion shots of the three Services were competed for at Bisley yesterday. That for the Royal Navy and Royal Marines went to Chief Petty Officer David Gladwyn, of R.M.S. Excellent, the gunnery school at Portsmouth.

The Army's medal was won by Capt. R. McDonald, R.E.M.E., Tidworth, Hants, while Sgt. R. van Gerven gained the R.A.F. award.

PAPER DISPUTE

Early editions of the News of the World were delayed by 90 minutes last night after an industrial dispute. The normal starting time of its presses is 7 p.m. They did not start until 8.30 because of a mass meeting of warehousemen who discussed the dispute.

War demo man was 'informer'

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

AN American air force Staff Sergeant said yesterday that he was acting as a military undercover agent with other U.S. servicemen, he presented anti-Vietnam war petitions to the American Embassy in London.

Sgt. Joseph Wilson, 28, was giving prosecution evidence of his role as "an informer" at the court-martial at Lakenheath, Suffolk, of Capt. Thomas Culver, 32, an American air force officer.

Capt. Culver is accused of taking part in the anti-war demonstration outside the Embassy on Whit Monday and of soliciting other airmen to take part in the protest.

Sgt. Wilson said he was recruited by "Mr. Brown" to gather information on the G.I. background movement. P.E.A.C.E. - People Emerging Against Corrupt Establishments.

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MUNICIPAL WIZARD IN RAINMAKING CLASH



Sunday Telegraph pictures

PRINCE GYPSY Lee Petulengro, weather diviner, using his crystal ball to produce a 16-day spell of fine weather for Nottingham Festival, which opened yesterday. If less than half-an-inch of rain falls, Nottingham City Council will pay him £100. (Right): Repriscle from Nyoka, animal trainer and rainmaker, whose services were spared. Although there was no rain, and little sun, yesterday, Nyoka forecast a downpour by Monday morning.

Check on kennels begins

Sunday Telegraph Reporter

ORDERED inspectors throughout Britain to report on suspect dog breeding establishments following the account in The Sunday Telegraph on May 16 exposing conditions at Oakhaven Kennels, Tremaine, Cornwall.

Under the Act of 1899 covering gas, and later amended to apply also to electricity, there is no statutory obligation on an electricity board to make good any deficiency except through negligence. But if a board makes a specific agreement with a town council for street lighting this agreement can supersede the Act. Some companies who buy electricity on a bulk standing charge basis could also find their agreements have superseded the Act.

£16,000 if she stays single

Sunday Telegraph Reporter

A Manchester woman has been left £16,000 in her uncle's will provided she never marries. Miss Vivian Keable, 47, of Waltham Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester, said yesterday: "I am amazed. I had looked after him since 1955 when my auntie died but he never asked me not to marry."

The uncle, Mr. Wilfrid Thomson, who died in March, aged 86, was a history master at William Hulme Grammar School, Manchester, and had written several books.

Other Wills - P.4

Sit-in teachers reinstated

By Our Education Correspondent

Agreement was reached yesterday between Surrey County Council and the Association of Teachers in Technical Schools which means the seven art school lecturers sacked by the county three years ago, will be reinstated from tomorrow. They will not get back-pay.

The seven were dismissed for supporting a student sit-in at Guildford School of Art in the summer of 1968. Three will go back to the school, now renamed the West Surrey College of Art and Design. The others get other jobs in the county.

The agreement was announced in a joint statement from the county and the association, whose blacklist against all further education institutions in Surrey is now lifted.

Braden is reprieved

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

BERNARD BRADEN has settled his difference with the B.B.C. This autumn he will return with his programme, "Braden's Week", which will last for 26 weeks.

Mr. Braden's contract was not renewed in June because of a dispute which followed his appearance in a commercial on I.T.V.

Announcing the return of the programme, the B.B.C. in a statement said that Mr. Braden had given assurances that in future he would not take part in advertising while under contract to them.

The statement said: "The B.B.C. accepts his expressions of personal regret at taking an action which, although as a free agent he was entitled to, embarrassed the B.B.C. in terms of the principles for which the programme stands."

Both Mr. Braden and the B.B.C. agreed that the continuation of the programme was important, "and that one appearance on one commercial will not influence Mr. Braden or the production team's inquiries into any area in the future."

SCHOOLS MAY DROP FRENCH

By NICHOLAS BAGNALL Education Correspondent

SOME secondary schools may be unable to teach French next term because of a severe and increasing shortage of modern language specialists. Comprehensive and secondary modern schools are particularly affected.

A check among local education authorities by the National Association of Language Advisors, whose members are employed by the authorities to co-ordinate language teaching in their areas, has revealed this. The findings include:

LARGE COUNTY, AUTHORITY, MIDLANDS: General shortage of suitable applicants. Three secondary modern schools will probably have to discontinue French in September.

LARGE COUNTY, MIDLANDS: No response to national advertisements. Medium-sized county, South: Difficulty over the whole field. Large county, South: Area generally favoured by teachers, but difficulty in finding reasonably qualified people for secondary moderns.

The London area, it is understood, is among those in greatest difficulty. One large girls' comprehensive advertised 19 times to obtain a French teacher.

COUNCIL'S MOVE

The reasons given for the shortage include: the insistence in comprehensive schools that a teacher should teach French to all pupils, regardless of ability, in the first two years; poor above-scale allowances in comprehensive schools; and increased demand for teachers of French in primary schools.

The Schools Council, the teacher-controlled Government serviced body which advises on examinations and the curriculum has urged the Department of Education to declare French a "shortage subject."

This would mean that colleges of education would be allowed to train French specialists who wanted to teach only in secondary schools. At present the colleges can train modern language teachers to teach children only to the age of 15.

Medicines in cut-price war

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

A PRICES war is being waged between cut-price chemists and the manufacturers of proprietary medicines over the retention of resale price maintenance in the industry.

A leading chain of chemists in London has been threatened with an injunction to stop the lowering of prices by up to 4p and one manufacturer has cut off supplies.

Among products involved are Alka Seltzer, Disprin, Beechams powders, Optrex and Germoline.

According to a ruling in the Restrictive Practices Court last year all these products and many other household names in chemist shops are still subject to resale price maintenance. At the time it was said to be detrimental to allow a cut-price war to develop in medicines because it would reduce the number of chemist shops and would not be in the public interest.

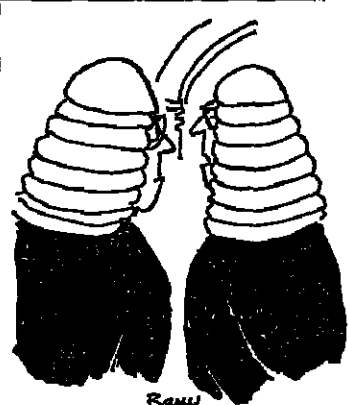
Questions by M.P.s

M.P.s from both major parties are again questioning why medicines have been excluded from the abolition of resale price maintenance under the Bill which went through Parliament in 1964.

Mr. Geoffrey Finsberg (Con. Hampstead) claimed in the Commons last week that some manufacturers appear to be "putting pressure" on retailers. They are not being allowed to pass on the benefits of the cut in selective employment tax.

Mr. Laurie Pavitt (Lab. Willesden West) has written to the Prime Minister asking why there is still this anomaly. He told me: "I think it is a shocking state of affairs. This makes nonsense of the Conservative claim that they want free competition."

The cut-price chemists claim that if they can sell more cheaply that is their own affair. The manufacturers disagree. A spokesman for Miles Labo-



"Let's face it, if a lady had been found in our college room back in our student days, we would not have proved suitable to judge others."

ratories, makers of Alka Seltzer, said: "We believe that resale price maintenance should stay, and while it is in force we insist on retailers selling at our stated prices."

At the centre of the storm is the North London firm of J. Mindel who have nine branches in London selling household goods including proprietary medicines. These have been sold at a lower price than the manufacturers' recommendations for some years.

Mr. Harry Taylor, general manager, says: "We have been served with an injunction and Beechams have cut off supplies. I have had to renege my prices to get supplies from other manufacturers."

"The ridiculous thing is that the big chain stores and Co-ops are allowed to give trading stamps and dividends with medicines, but we are not allowed to cut prices."

"We want to pass on the cuts to the housewives."

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Your very first job as an Army Officer could take you anywhere from Germany to the Far East.

But, wherever you are, you'll probably be commanding about 30 tough and highly trained soldiers. Like the men in the picture.

And, obviously, unless you know what you're doing and unless you can command their respect it would prove disastrous. The Army is not prepared to risk this.

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There's nothing insidious or underhand about any of this. It's simply a straightforward assessment of what you can do, not what social background you come from or what accent you have.

And there's certainly nothing to be nervous or anxious about. When you're not working, we're not interested in what you do.

But the tests are difficult. They

have to be to tell us how you'd fare in a difficult but very rewarding job. And whether or not you'd be worth the £1600 gross p.a. we'll pay you when you start as a 2nd Lieutenant.

So think about it. And if you're still keen, send for more facts and we'll send you a booklet describing the whole selection procedure.

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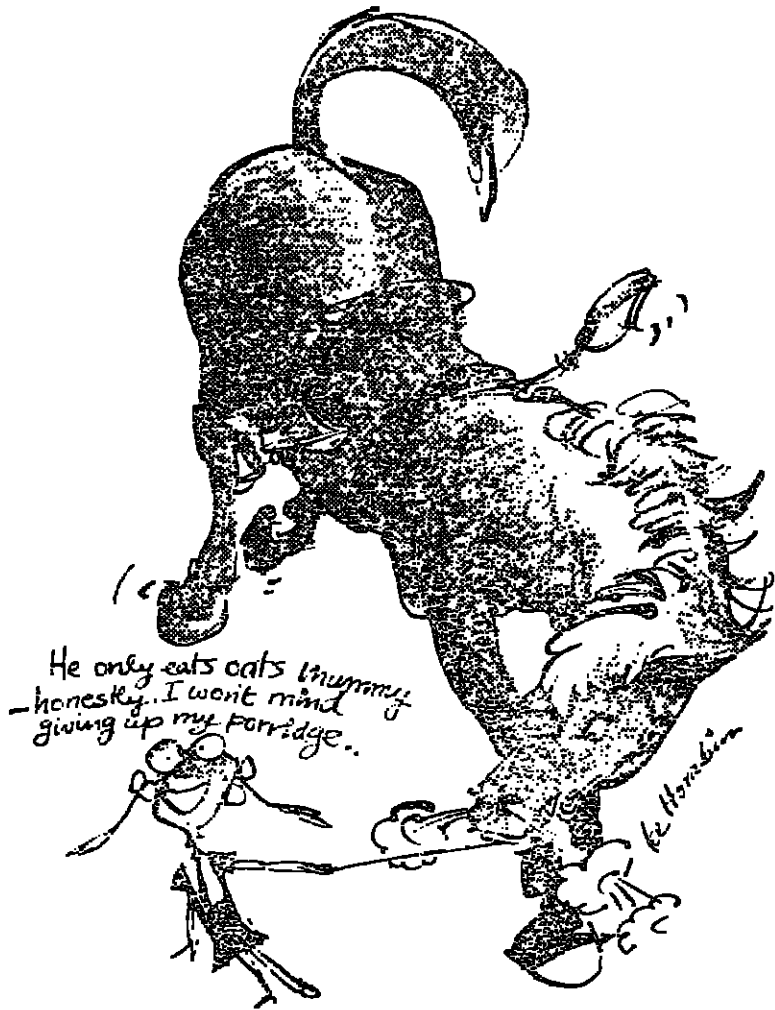
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Survey shows less hostility to Market

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

OPPONENTS of British entry into the Common Market among the electorate will be in a minority by the time Parliament takes its decision in October, according to a survey. But, it adds, there will still be no clear majority.

RIPPON FOR LAST TALKS

By WALTER FARR
Common Market Correspondent

MR. RIPPON, Britain's chief Common Market negotiator, flies to Brussels this evening to resume negotiations tomorrow with the Six on the few remaining problems of entry.

On the question of safeguarding Britain's fisheries against inroads from fishing vessels of the Six it is now proposed that the common fisheries policy of the Six should not be applied to British waters. The status quo should, it is suggested, be maintained for Britain's fisheries until she can, as a member of the "Market", negotiate a new common fishing policy with the Six and the other applicants for membership, Norway, Denmark and Eire. A final agreement on this is not expected until the autumn.

MOVEMENT OF CAPITAL

Mr. Rippon is expected to round off his agreements with the Six on entry terms covering capital movements between Britain and the Continent. There will be a substantial relaxation on the date of entry—planned for Jan. 1, 1973—on restrictions on direct investment by British subjects in the Six.

At present an investor has to pay more for foreign exchange. By the end of 1974 British residents would be able to obtain foreign exchange at the official rate for direct investment in the Six. For British residents taking up employment in the Six there would be free movement of capital from the date of entry. For other movements of a personal nature—for example, emigration and house purchase outside the Common Market—liberalisation would be achieved by 1975. Portfolio investment would be freed by 1976 or 1977.

Read all about it free

By Our Common Market Correspondent

A short "popular" version of the Government's White Paper on the Common Market, which will be available free at Post Offices tomorrow stresses in its first paragraph that entry into the Market would strengthen national security.

"No Government in these islands," it says, "has been able to ignore for more than a short time, or without disastrous consequences, the course of events on the Continent of Europe."

'Wilson will rat on Europe'

Mr. Wilson's Common Market broadcast was "a devastating exercise in self-destruction" for anyone hoping to become Prime Minister again, Mr. Thorpe, the Liberal Leader, said at Barnstaple last night.

"It was 'the saddest and most disingenuous broadcast I have ever heard', and indicated it was only a matter of time before Mr. Wilson would 'rat on Europe'."

Unions out of line with Six

By Our Common Market Correspondent

BRITISH trade union leaders who oppose entry into the Common Market are out of line with union leadership on the Continent, it was said in Whitehall yesterday. Unions in all Six countries support the Market because they believe that it secures full employment, improves working conditions and helps to exclude unfair working practices.

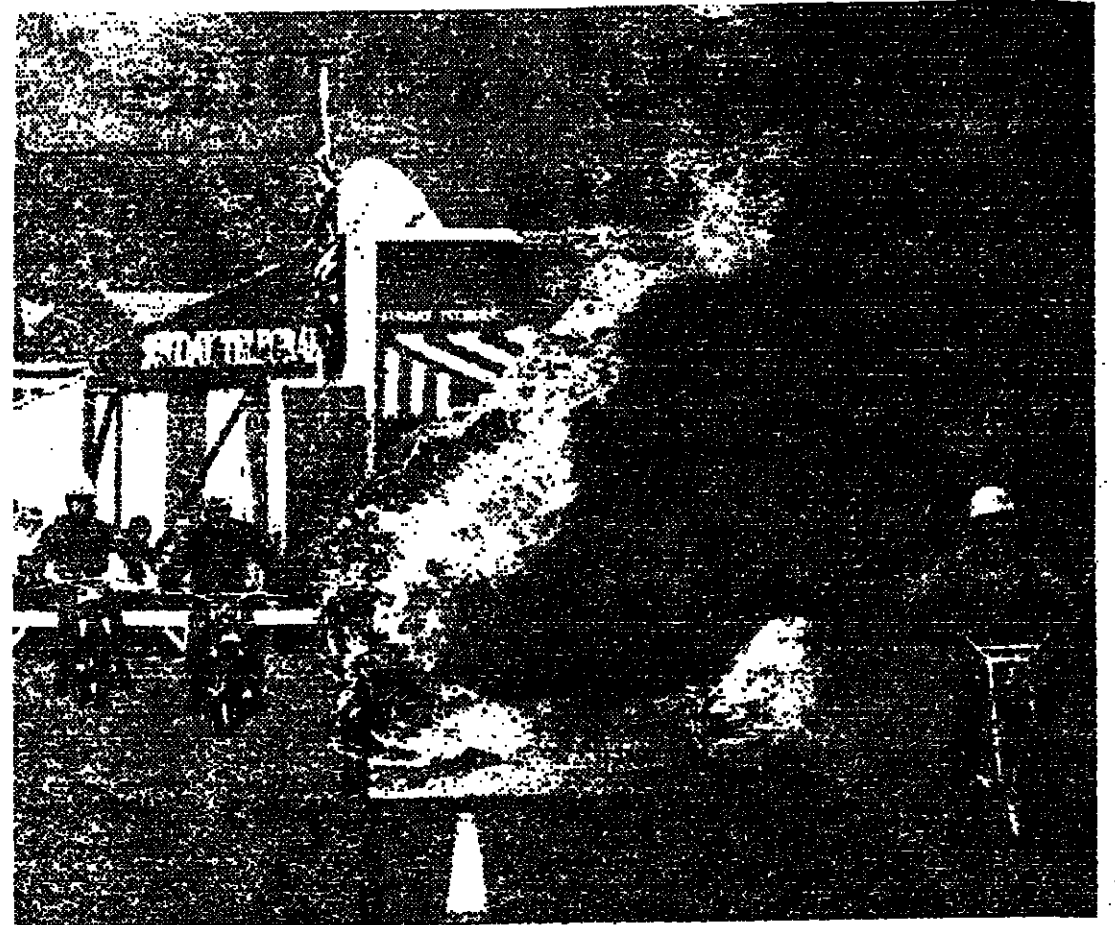
West Germany's powerful Trade Union Federation (D.G.B.) wholeheartedly supports British entry and sees resistance by British unions as a sign of insufficient information rather than a foretaste of lasting obstructionism. German unions cite three advantages for workers in a united Western Europe: Resistance to European nationalism will be more effective; Free movement of labour across national borders will benefit new members of the Market; and European unity will enable national unions to step up solidarity by founding combined strike funds.

Herr Heinz-Oskar Vetter, chairman of D.G.B., has suggested that school lessons should be given a "European dimension" and that a "European history book" should be written. Italy's three main trade

union federations have always warmly backed British entry for three reasons—economic, political and social.

A cold wind from U.S.

A cold wind blowing across the Atlantic could hit the Common Market, Mr. Vic Feather, general secretary of the T.U.C., said yesterday. Mr. Feather claimed that America was already saying that Europe would have to pay a bigger share of its own defence. "And it is also clear that unless the Common Market lowers its tariffs against United States exports, the United States will raise its own tariff barriers against European exports," Mr. Feather told the Amalgamated Society of Textile Workers and Kindred Trades at Dovedale, Derbyshire.



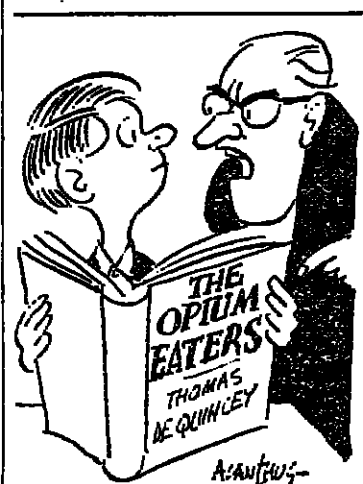
Picture: Robert Hope

T.A. JOINS ALDERSHOT DISPLAY

By R. H. GREENFIELD

THIS year for the first time the Territorial Army is taking part in the Aldershot Army Display. Opening the display yesterday, Lord Balniel, Minister of State for Defence, said: "This is a symbol of our decision to expand the reserves by 10,000 men."

Joining the Territorial Army is another thing you can do to help your country. Almost all the corps and departments of the British Army have Territorial Army representatives on their stand, including a T.A. field operating theatre manned by neurosur-



gical teams drawn from leading surgeons and anaesthetists throughout the country.

The Royal Yeomanry Regiment, has a London Transport double-decker bus standing beside a Ferret scout car, symbolising how civilian skills can be used by the Army.

PARACHUTE STAR

One of the stars of the display, which continues today, is a Briton serving in the American Army. Sgt. David Layne, 27, a Vietnam veteran, is a member of the American Seventh Army free-fall parachute team competing against the Red Devils and the British Parachute Association. The Red Devils were unable to jump because of a fault in their aircraft.

Sgt. Layne, of Grantham, Leics., went to America in 1968 as a motor mechanic, started sky-diving and was called up the following year. He is now considering whether to make the American Army his career.

The Aldershot display, known to the Army as Exercise New Envoys, is the largest show in the military calendar.

It features the latest equipment including a new "water-proof suit" and snorkel for the Chieftain tank. The equipment, which is still under trials, will allow the tank to travel through water up to 15ft. deep.

The Daily Telegraph and The Sunday Telegraph are sponsoring the sky-diving competition, a sheepdog demonstration by Mr. F. Morgan of Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire, and a 17th-century artillery match.

7 brothers lose foster mother

Sunday Telegraph Reporter

The foster mother of seven orphan brothers, who a year ago were given a home and a new life on a farm near Truro, Cornwall, died yesterday. Unless a "mother" is found for them, the boys, aged between five and 12, may have to return to their native Birmingham where they would face being divided, and placed in children's homes.

The children were taken in by Mr. Joe Simcock, 57, and his wife, Eileen, after wide publicity about their unhappiness living in various Birmingham children's homes.

Latest Wills

Ner
BARRATT, J. E., Eastbourne, (died 112,887), £217,546
BOUSTON-BOSWELL, Mrs. M., Bournemouth, (died 538,722), £76,360
MILLER, Mrs. E., Shropshire, (died 17,701), £72,141
SAUNDERS, Mrs. F. J., Shanklin, (died 142,898), £42,898
VOELCKER, Mrs. W. M., London, S.W.5, (died 538,154), £94,778
FAIRWEATHER, F. A., Perth, (died 100,378), £100,378 (gross)

RIDERS of the Royal Artillery motor-cycle display team making a high-speed dash through a tunnel of blazing straw. The team is appearing at this week-end's Aldershot Army Display, where special events presented by THE DAILY TELEGRAPH and THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH include sky-diving and free-fall parachuting.

Ministry split over missiles

By DEREK WOOD, Air Correspondent

A DISPUTE is going on among senior officials in the Ministry of Defence over a proposal to waste four years' work on a new air-to-air missile project and to buy American weapons instead.

The argument has now reached Cabinet level. One part of the Ministry wants to develop the British missile, S.R.A.A.M. 100, as it will have a big export market apart from its use by the R.A.F.

The other side wants to scrap the S.R.A.A.M. 100 and buy older Sidewinder missiles at low cost from an American company.

Hawker-Siddeley Dynamics has been doing design and development work on the new missile, originally known as Talidog and now S.R.A.A.M. 100, since 1967. Expenditure on Talidog/S.R.A.A.M. 100 by the Ministry, with a contribution from Hawker-Siddeley, is approaching £1 million.

THREAT TO INDUSTRY

If the lobby that favours buying the American missile wins the day, it will represent yet another example of Whitehall cutting back on British aerospace and guided missile programmes. This policy, if continued, threatens to cripple the industry.

It is just over a month since the Ministry of Defence announced that it would adopt the French Exocet shipborne missile rather than produce a British missile, the Sea Martlet. Over the past year other projects have been abandoned, delayed, or had funding kept to a mere trickle.

An advanced version of the Rolls-Royce Pegasus lift engine, which the United States wants for Harrier aircraft, has only been allotted a fraction of the money required to develop it.

Several important weapon projects have been held up, including a helicopter-launched missile and a submarine missile.

On the civil aerospace side exactly the same thing is happening. No programme has been put in hand for the vital quiet short take-off airliner.

TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS

Sir Frederick Minter is 84 today; Lord Ashtown 70; Sir John Rotherham 70; Prof. David Talbot Rice 68; Lord Penryn 65; Mr. Geoffrey Agnew 63; and Lord Bolton 42.

NATURE EVER UPWARD

Austin Hatton

THE Highlands resemble the seas. They are a persistent reminder of the infinite. They help me to understand why men have never been able to conceive a beginning or an end. "This is a picture of distance—distance is the revelation of nature's soul..."

The speaker, a fellow climber, was a Scot. An Edinburgh doctor by profession, he was a metaphysician by calling. His habit of wishing to argue on dangerous, slabby rockfaces that our scrambling was a preparation for the evolution of man's spirit could at times be disconcerting. Unlike me, he knew no fear.

"That sweep of vision which only the limitless hills or the ocean can provide is necessary for the development of our consciousness," he would continue. "That is why mountain-dwellers and seafarers differ from most people in hopefulness, in religion, or, it may be, in superstitions."

Now, standing on the dizzy height to which we last climbed, I missed his voice in a silence of the wind, the sighing of the wind, the muttering of an overburdened burn running deep with snow water and the occasional croaking, in the distance, of a ptarmigan. He had been breathless with adoration.

Yet this was an eerie place of crags and cliffs, of shards and shale, of primeval quartz and giant boulders. It seemed to be the home of a demon who fought unceasingly against the advances of the beautiful plant life that lay below in the sunshine.

On my way up to the summit on which I lay I shared the pleasures of glen and corrie—the rushing rivulets and laughing burns, the wych elms nodding over the pools where little trout were leaping happily at the new-born midges, filmy larches waving their wand-like branches in the heather and the bracken, the bluebells (or harebells) and the ferns.

I watched two ptarmigan, rivals for the affections of a hen bird who stood quietly by, pursue each other across a boggy clearing. Exhausted, they landed occasionally on the ground only to start to run quickly parallel to each other across the bright green marsh—wings outstretched to balance themselves. In flight, they soar with ease up the steepest rock face.

These were pleasures my climbing doctor ignored. He wished only for the exhilaration of reaching the highest summits. I cannot argue with him now about his yearning to attain the inaccessible, for he is dead. He died as I imagine he wished to die—climbing ever higher in the high Alps.

WHY I QUIT SOVIET SCIENCE

DAVID FLOYD talks to ANATOLI FEDOSEYEV about what made this top man in electronics defect to Britain

not for its oppressors. I am not a Communist party member, though I was many times pressed to become one.

But why was he so sure that he would land in prison if he stayed in Russia? It was, he explained, because he knew he would not be able to restrain his criticisms of the system much longer. And once he began to speak out he would soon have been in trouble.

"That would have been much worse for the other members of my family than my escaping to the West. I should have become a 'dissident', an enemy of the people, and they would have suffered. But now that I am outside the country I can speak freely and explain to people in the West the true nature of the Soviet system."

Even while Anatoli Fedoseyev was planning to escape to the West the Soviet regime continued to bestow awards on him. Already the holder of a medal for "valiant labour during the Great Patriotic War 1941-45," the Order of the Red Banner of Labour and an Order of Lenin, Fedoseyev received in May, 1970, the medal struck for the centenary of Lenin's birth. In October of the same year he was given the title of "Distinguished Scientist and Technologist," and then, in April this year, his second Order of Lenin and the title of "Hero of Socialist Labour"—the highest civilian decoration in the Soviet Union. It was for "outstanding services in carrying out the five-year plan, developing new equipment and advancing the electronic industry."

"That is why I started to prepare my escape, keeping it secret not only from my friends but from the members of my family. Of course, if the Soviet Government observed the conditions of the Charter of Human Rights, which it signed, then I could have left the country legally. But the Soviet regime does not even recognise the freedom to emigrate. That is why I had to go against my conscience and obtain my human rights illegally."

Mr. Fedoseyev took elaborate steps to provide for his wife, from whom he has long been living separately, "though we are still friends." Both his children are grown up, with families of their own. "I did not leave behind me any unfulfilled obligations. My many decorations, including two Orders of Lenin and the title of Hero of Socialist Labour, were given me for past services to science and I earned them many times over. They are in no sense an advance on account of future work. So my conscience is quite clear. I simply want to live in freedom and work for the benefit of humanity and

halting but adequate. "If I had not succeeded in getting permission to stay in Britain I would probably have tried Canada next, then, possibly Australia and America. If all else had failed I might have tried to remain in France."

"I wasn't sure, right up to the last minute, whether I would have the courage to make the jump to freedom," Fedoseyev said. But I found him remarkably relaxed—far more so than other Russians whom I have met shortly after they have chosen freedom.

He is short in stature and slightly built. His sparse, greying hair reveals his 61 years, though his eyes have not lost their boyish twinkle. He is obviously a man of great drive and energy, who finds his present position irksome. He is eager to get to work, to continue his research

and also to tell the world the truth about Russia. In the meantime he is enjoying the pleasure, so rare for a Soviet citizen, of speaking his mind. Every question provokes a torrent of words in reply. He is clearly enjoying freedom.

Reports that he was a top man in Soviet space research only make him laugh. So does the story that he had an affair with a woman in London.

Valuable radar knowhow

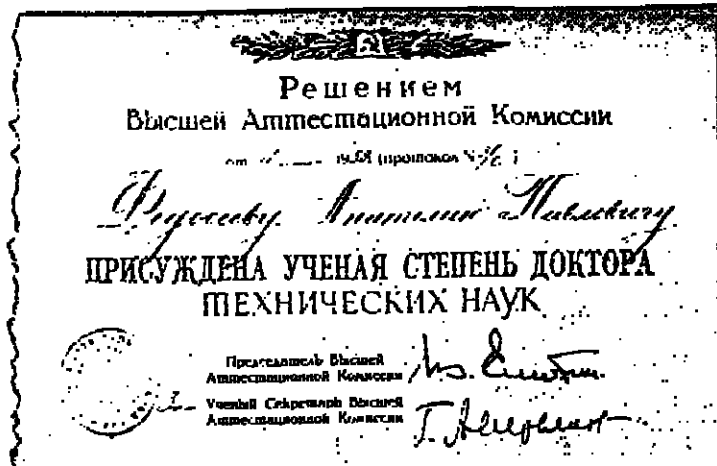
After some questioning it became clear that he really was considered Russia's top man in the field of magnetrons. His present research on the development of a new valve would certainly be of significance for radar, in which he has done much work,

and could therefore be valuable to any form of defence system in which radar is used.

Much of Fedoseyev's work was classified as secret by the Soviet authorities, though he disclaims any inside knowledge of either the space programme or defence matters. Nevertheless I had the impression that the British electronics industry would be able to make good use of his services.

When we turned to discuss the recent disaster with the latest Soviet space probe and the deaths of the three cosmonauts, Fedoseyev clearly shared the sorrow we all experienced at the tragic news.

He is inclined to see the disaster as an inevitable result of the nature of the Soviet system. "The trouble," he said, "is that people working in industry—tech-



Part of the document certifying that the degree of Doctor of Technical Science has been awarded to "Fedoseyev, Anatoli Pavlovich" (line of script, centre)

nicians and scientists, even in the space business—know that they are being paid much less than they deserve. So they don't work hard and they don't put their best efforts into their work. Productivity is low and quality is poor."

"Only Korolyov [the original chief designer in the Soviet space programme, who died in 1966] knew how to get the best out of people. So long as he was in charge there were no fatalities. I would not be in the least surprised if the tragedy was caused by a very small fault which was the result of bad workmanship."

Fedoseyev recalled the occasion when he had himself been a member of the commission appointed to accept the building for his new institute when it was completed. "I was the only one who refused to accept it. The place was obviously full

of structural faults and short of equipment. But it was accepted just the same. Why? Because it was in everybody else's interest for it to be approved; otherwise there would be no bonuses paid, the plan would not be fulfilled, and there would be trouble all round. That's the Soviet system."

But if it was so bad why did people not try to change it? "But what is there to put in its place?" Fedoseyev asked. "I'm sure the people at the top know what is wrong. Even Brezhnev and Kosygin must know. But they can't change it for fear of losing power."

"I am sure, too, that even the not over-perceptive Soviet public and certainly their

Government know perfectly well that the official statistics are just a deception.

"Not long ago, for example, the State Planning Office was given the job of finding out what had happened to 100 million tons of steel which were supposed to have been produced, when at the same time it was impossible in the country districts to obtain even a small spare part for a tractor. But the job proved to be beyond the powers of the Planning Office."

I asked why it was, if things were so bad, more people did not complain and why more of those who had the opportunity did not follow his example.

"I know that many, many people among the educated classes think as I do. Some of them are even more outspoken and more cynical. Perhaps they stay there because they do not know what I now know about life in Britain."

"But there are others who also think as I do but who have made great sacrifices for the system and who do not want to admit to themselves that their sacrifices were in vain. They keep silent. And then there is a third category of those who still retain some of their old idealism and who still really believe in Communism. But there are very few of them now."

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NEXT: Science fights the system: Fedoseyev's own story

WHEN Anatoli Fedoseyev gave the Russian secret police the slip and disappeared from his hotel Paris six weeks ago, determined to make his way to Britain, he had no idea what was in store for him. It was 12 years since he had been allowed to leave Russia and visit the West, and his knowledge of the capitalist world was derived mainly from the accounts he read in the Soviet Press.

So he prepared for the worst, and in his baggage were several bars of Russian chocolate, which were intended to supplement his diet in the prison camp where he thought he would be held by British security.

"If I didn't finish up in a prison camp I expected to find myself wandering round the streets looking for work. Russian newspapers are full of reports about the extent of unemployment in Britain," Mr. Fedoseyev explained.

But I was ready for that eventuality, too. I had been a bricklayer in my young days, and I came to the conclusion that, among the 50 million people who inhabit the British Isles, I would probably not turn out to be the least employable, even if I wasn't the best.

"That is the sort of thing that was in my mind in the long months when I was preparing my escape. I was very pleasantly surprised to discover that life for the newly arrived 'defector' in Britain is better than being at some of the health resorts in the Soviet Union."

It was 18 months ago that Mr. Fedoseyev finally made up his mind to leave the Soviet Union for good. Frustration, disillusionment and the lack of any hope of change in the system made life unbearable for him.

Fear of Russian prison

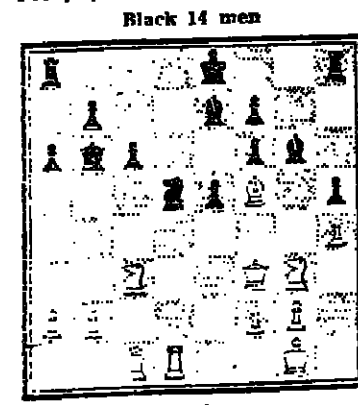
"Sooner or later I should have ended up in prison or a concentration camp. This might conceivably be acceptable for a politician. But for me, a specialist in electronics, it would have been utterly impossible.

"That is why I started to prepare my escape, keeping it secret not only from my friends but from the members of my family. Of course, if the Soviet Government observed the conditions of the Charter of Human Rights, which it signed, then I could have left the country legally. But the Soviet regime does not even recognise the freedom to emigrate. That is why I had to go against my conscience and obtain my human rights illegally."

Mr. Fedoseyev took elaborate steps to provide for his wife, from whom he has long been living separately, "though we are still friends." Both his children are grown up, with families of their own. "I did not leave behind me any unfulfilled obligations. My many decorations, including two Orders of Lenin and the title of Hero of Socialist Labour, were given me for past services to science and I earned them many times over. They are in no sense an advance on account of future work. So my conscience is quite clear. I simply want to live in freedom and work for the benefit of humanity and

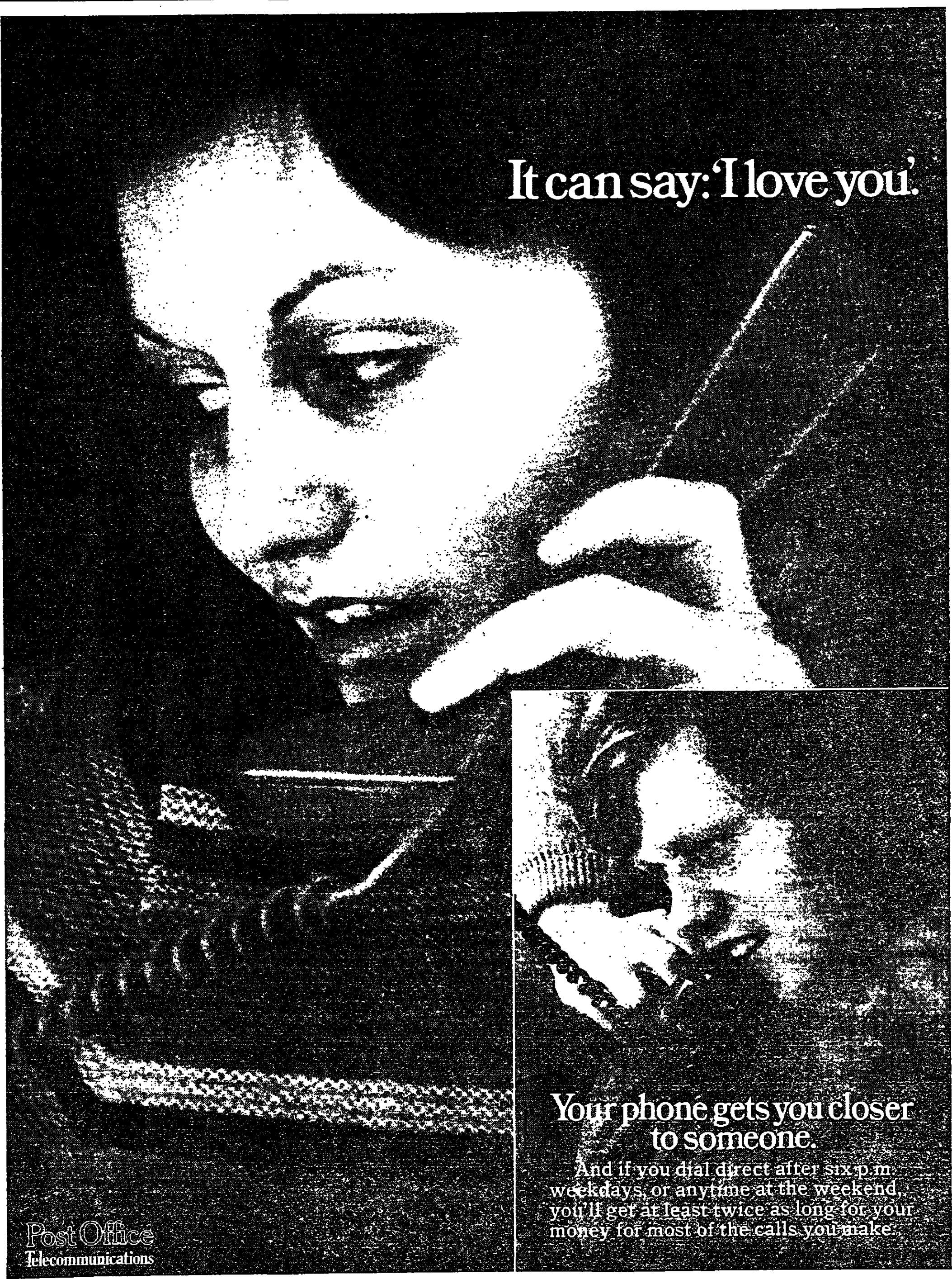
CHESS

By C. MANSFIELD
The semi-finals of the World Championship Candidates' Tournament are due to start this week—predictably Korchnoy v Petrosian and Fischer v Larsen. Bobby Fischer, the American genius, is confident he will go on to win the title from Spassky next year. He claims that he would have won it years ago "had not the Russians put road-blocks in his way." He is now 28 and became a grandmaster at 16. Here is a position from the Interzonal contest. Fischer (White to play) had given up the pawn on d4. How did he overcome his disadvantage in a few moves? See page 29.



ELIMINATION

By Diana Turner-Valdan
That takes 36 out of the 37 words. What are you left with?
Solution on Page 29.
1. Bow
2. Take
3. Less
4. Ugly
5. Away
6. Feet
7. Taps
8. Heal
9. Clay
10. High
11. Care
12. Idiot
13. Never
14. Cheat
15. Laced
16. Scene
17. Ready
18. Stone
19. Teach
20. Steps
21. Dreams
22. Jacket
23. Village
24. Headway
25. Falling
26. Current
27. Cashier
28. Doubles
29. Charity
30. Treason
31. Dismiss
32. Protocol
33. Pleasant
34. Feelings
35. Necessary
36. Advantage
37. Foundation



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Post Office Telecommunications

I WENT to China this year by way of Pakistan. Familiarity, I find, never blunts the shock of meeting the Dark Ages in the Indian sub-continent. I said as much to a German making the same journey who had mentioned in the plane that he had had a house in South China before the 1949 revolution. He assented and added, "But, you know, this is what the Chinese had to start from—fratricidal war, famine, plague, corruption. . . ." I put in, "And the same hopelessness, I suppose." "Oh no," he replied. "The Communists were always quite certain they could change things!"

Yes, approaching China from the misery of India brings home with stunning force not simply the immensity of the material achievements of Mao Tse-tung's régime, but the extraordinary faith and unshakable self-confidence of the first generation of Marxist evangelists who came from nothing to absolute rule over near a quarter of mankind.

It is a confidence that has been reinforced since my visit nearly a year ago. For the first thing that struck me was the relaxation of tension: people are breathing a great deal more freely. The utterly totalitarian nature of the régime remains, of course. But on arrival you are no longer treated to an hour of propagandist mimes, and the slogans on buildings and on the rocks in the paddy fields have been allowed to weather. The loudspeakers in the parks have been turned down a few decibels—sufficient for them to be ignored as easily as the television back in Europe when you look in for a drink on your neighbour.

Everyone wears trousers still—but discreetly patterned blouses dot the crowd-scape. The girls are girls again, with a surreptitious tuck here and there in their cadre suits, and with a year's growth of hair after the pudding basin look that was *de rigueur* last summer. Now it is not only in the evenings that the crowds in the streets seem able to throw off the pervading seriousness—there is more laughter, more idle chatting too, in daytime. And much less of the incessant marching.

More significant perhaps, senior cadres and executives are showing themselves once more—no longer sheltering behind the anonymity of workers' committees, a practice which gave last year's visitor the weird impression that the whole vast social machine had been wound up by the super-scientists in Peking and then left to run entirely on its own.

Speaking with these people I was impressed by the contrast between them and the same class of political and economic technocrat in the Soviet Union. They are as tough a lot, no doubt—but for the most part their evident conviction and enthusiasm struck me as much as the grey, hard-boiled cynicism of their Soviet opposite numbers. Maybe this has something to do with their Lenin-like asceticism—an asceticism that disappeared in Russia with the special shops that appeared under Stalin reserved for pillars of his régime.

There has been an easing, too, of the requirement that wherever possible all products should embody socialist-realist motifs in conformity with the tenets of the Cultural Revolution. A small example: dolls are back again in the gay traditional costumes of China's many nationalities—they seem to go a lot quicker than those in liberation army khaki, the only ones still in production a year ago.

Out of fashion

And Mao badges have shrunk. It is no longer the fashion to pin an jacket a good three inches in diameter of flickering red plastic halo round the embossed head of the Chairman—a practice which so distracted one's attention last year when trying to converse with the wearers. These now seem to be worn only by the sort of person one would expect would lag behind the trend. Indeed, compared with last year, a surprisingly large number of people go badgeless.

But then there are a lot fewer cadres to be seen on duty in the streets—the stern-looking men and women with the distinctive rectangular white badges whose chivvying of the populace was one of the less pleasant aspects of the last phase of the Cultural Revolution. Those there are seem to be less edgy, and their manners have improved somewhat. The only incident I witnessed this year was when a senile old lady, who had begun following me with pathetic curiosity, was shooped away, but with a notable absence of the old hectoring. It was cheering, too, that courting couples now look less inhibited about being seen together—even when holding hands.

Obviously the general relaxation, so evident from top to bottom of China's new society, reflects in part a decision from on high that the Cultural Revolution has run its course, that a return to normality is the order of the day. But there is more than this behind China's change of mood.

I asked a well-informed cadre whether perhaps ping-pong had anything to do with it. He laughed whimsically, rather English, sense of humour is one of the more winning characteristics of the Chinese. "No," he replied, "Ping-pong is merely a symptom of the new atmosphere."

EMILE VAN HEUVAL REVISITS CHINA TEN MONTHS AFTER HIS FIRST STRIKING REPORTS FOR THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH



SMILING CHINA

Life behind the new face



Three facets of China's alternative civilisation. Above, pavement store customers. Top left, an actress in the still virulently anti-American military pageants. Top right, sturdy bicycles in a Shanghai shop reflect the consumer boom

"And the cause?" I asked. He replied simply, "You have maybe heard of a country called Laos?"

The oblique question confirmed for me the hypothesis I had formed when I noticed that one slogan predominates in China now, one slogan that I never saw permitted to fade: "A small nation can defeat a great nation. . . ."—war is a matter of ideology and morale. Last year I compared the mood of China to the mood of Britain in 1940. This year I would compare it to Britain after Alamein. Last year the leader's confidence had not yet been vindicated. I remember an anxious little joke about whether paper tigers were really only made of paper. Now—since the ill-fated campaign in Southern Laos—the tide is seen to have turned: American influence in Asia is accepted as on the wane.

The doubting Thomases have been silenced and a sigh of relief in Peking appears to have been echoed down the hierarchy of command to be repeated by the peasant in the field who can scarcely have any idea what prompted it. The well-informed, though, have seized the point that, if China has broken out from encirclement by the U.S.S.R. and the United States thanks to the partial exhaustion of the latter, the next step logically is to turn the tables and work towards the encirclement of the as yet unassailed might of the Soviet Union—and that this in turn requires something more than a bare *modus vivendi* with Europe, both satellite and free.

Considering the meagre access of even ranking cadres to the facts of international life, I thought it said something for the native grasp of Real-politik when one day over a meal (cadres and visitors alike expand to the cooking much as one does in France) it was suggested to me that we Western Europeans ought to realise more clearly how much we need China ("now that you see you can no longer rely on the Americans for your defence"). I guessed then that the obverse of this proposition must be a major factor behind the new cordiality towards us.

Clearly here is a challenge to our renewed attempts to concert a European foreign policy now that the enlargement of the European Communities is at last in sight: this will be a hard one to beat if we are to avoid exacerbating our difficulties by getting further out of step with the United States. For, apart from the ping-pong symbol that co-existence is now admitted as a possibility in Peking's eyes, the still virulently anti-American slogans

and attitudes make it plain that, for the time being at least, no modification is intended of the anathema the régime has pronounced on all things American. Indeed, the official antipathy to the Americans parallels the public's ingrained antipathy to the Japanese—people with whom one wants as little to do as possible.

On the consumer goods front progress has been remarkable. There are a great many new bicycles about, as significant an indicator of prosperity as the prevalence of motor-cars in the West. The shops already have an appreciably wider range of goods on display—there are now even some transistor radios. And walking in a park one Sunday with my camera, I was surprised this year to find a number of twin-lens reflexes levelled at me: a live capitalist for the family album.

Saving resources

But China is emphatically not engaged, like the Soviet Union, in a race to ape the United States, or in her case Japan. China is intent on public, not private, wealth despite her recent—and continuing—herculean efforts to stamp out private squalor. Communal buildings, reservoirs, public gardens, the health service, all come before even what we would regard as essential consumer goods. And what we would regard as financial common sense often seems to be flouted in the make-do-and-mend campaign designed to save resources for more important purposes.

The Chinese claim to be building an alternative civilisation was brought home to me one evening watching television. Far from being cajoled into buying something or other, I found myself being exhorted to save my worn-out rubber slippers for the collector; I was shown a series of operations in the factory which would turn them into a new pair for someone else's child.

Most remarkable of the vignettes in the half-hour programme was a sequence which began with a blank screen—an electric light bulb not working. The dead bulb was duly preserved for the collector, who took it to the factory where it was put on a lathe and a tiny hole drilled in its top. A girl then inserted a pair of minute surgical tweezers and deftly reconnected the broken filament. It was passed to another girl, who restored the vacuum

with a pump, and the bulb was resealed. The programme ended with the bulb in place, rewarding the parsimonious family with its illumination. A far cry, I reflected, from our "no deposit, no return" civilisation! In China goods are not wrapped, and one writes on both sides of the paper: but so it was in the Europe of my youth during the last world war.

And indeed, long before that holocaust, "waste not, want not" was the maxim not only of the needy but of the new entrepreneurial classes when Europe forged the way to the industrial society a hundred years ago. There is another point we in Europe once had in common with today's Chinese: a pride in good workmanship and an insistence on the durability of our artefacts. When a Canadian visitor remarked with some surprise on the, to his mind, unnecessarily high quality of the new bicycles, and when I praised the beautiful brick bonding in the new buildings on a commune but asked if breeze blocks would not produce much more needed housing quicker, we both received the same reply: we are building things to last—cycles which will work for decades and houses to be enjoyed for centuries. We are poor, but we are not shortsighted—it would be a waste of resources to make things which must soon be replaced.

Of course, China often falls below this ideal, but once again how different from our "waste-makers" with their

concept of built-in obsolescence, how different from our growth-obsessed economists who confuse rising unit production of shoddy goods with real increase in wealth. Yet our forefathers thought the Chinese way: worker and boss took true pleasure in craftsmanship and showed the same confidence in a future worth working for and one which would appreciate their efforts.

These reflections prompt the question, can China under Communism ever bridge the gap between a war economy and a true industrial society? Are we right in assuming that because the Soviet Union has so far failed so lamentably in this respect, Chinese Communism, too, can be written off as a serious challenge to our way of life?

I do not think so. On the purely material level the Chinese are already pioneering a new approach to meeting consumer demand within the framework of a state-owned economy. Their group of stores in Hong-kong continue to make inroads into the world's most competitive market: this year's products are much more tempting both in price and in quality than last year's. And design, too, is rapidly improving. In one or two lines China is already among the front runners. GUM, Moscow's largest department store, has been left a long way behind. One day this experience with the Hongkong guinea-pig should be of the utmost value in the development

of a distribution network for sophisticated consumer goods responsive to the wishes of 700 million people.

I asked one cadre how it was that workers in Shanghai who had never seen Western or American goods should be turning out designs which could sometimes stand comparison with our newest products. He explained that Chinese missions throughout the world have a standing requirement to send back the latest samples from the affluent society for "study and emulation".

But on a far more serious level I believe we should beware writing off the Chinese experiment as something which may indeed have some appeal for "Third World" countries but no relevance for us in the hyper-developed West. For the very basis of our society is being questioned as never before: its waste, its loss of amenity, its assumption that life is about the acquisition of ever more goods, that happiness is a bank balance.

Much more dangerously, the very freedom which we used to prize is being called in question as permissiveness and sheer selfishness mount, and the fearful psychological effects of the loneliness of our cities become apparent. In China it is hard to be lonely—young or old you are part of a work team, part of a neighbourhood in a town just as much as on a commune. Indeed, lack of opportunity to be alone—which, as every P.O.W. knows, is an essential human need—is to my mind one of the worse aspects of today's China.

Happiness in serving

As for your purpose in life—like it or not it is provided for you: the immense task of constructing a socialist China, a society in which the remoulding of man's nature has priority over economic growth. Your happiness must be found in "serving the people", although you are unlikely to have much say in how you are to make your contribution. Once again this is a notion our grandparents had in common with today's Chinese. But for us today it is fashionable to deride our civil servants, our politicians and our do-gooders. The notion of service, so fundamental to Lord Baden-Powell and his contemporaries, does not fit into the acquisitive society—he would have had little time for drop-out hippies, but a lot for the Chinese youngsters standing in the streets after school bringing some semblance of order to the rush-hour traffic.

Our young people, and many not so young, who ask for the same chance to serve that every Chinese is obliged to take up, become disaffected when it is denied them. So it is not hard to see that China's community approach to modern life could have immense attraction for a great many frustrated people in our societies who feel no pull towards the greyness of Russian Communism. Even at the cost of freedom. Provided, that is, that the Chinese make a go of it.

Apart from the question of political stability—in particular whether the régime can survive the passing of its founder—and the Soviet military threat, the whole fabric of the new society is of course in jeopardy so long as population is not stabilised. It is very difficult for an outsider to obtain much information on this score—Marxists have their own inhibitions in discussing the subject. But it is clear that the régime appreciates the danger and is acting vigorously.

One cadre claimed that the most important victory has already been won, a claim borne out by an overseas Chinese visitor I spoke to: the peasants have come to accept that, thanks largely to social security measures, it is no longer necessary to have as many children as possible in the hope that one at least will survive to provide for your old age. My informant pointed out that, now that this has at last been got across, even the slowest of witted could see the material advantages of not having to share what was going with more mouths, and would act accordingly.

I hope for China's sake he is right. For the spectre of Bengal is still only one pace behind, ready to drag China back into the pit from which she pulled herself with so great an effort and so great a cost in freedom.

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GOODBYE LOUIS

by PETER CLAYTON

THE twentieth-century and jazz and Louis Armstrong were all boys together. Of the three, only Louis kept his innocence, and managed not to grow eventually into something menacing and violent; and like so many of the better things in life, he was the first of them to go.

Nobody, however, qualifies for inch-high headlines when he dies just by being good, and last Tuesday Louis Armstrong got those and a great deal more. So much more by way of tribute and appreciation, in fact, that for today's casual listener, to whom Louis was the man unaccountably called "Satch", who made his recordings at an age when most people are drawing their pension, and who was known to have played the trumpet from time to time, the volume and scope of it must have been amazing.

The achievements

But for once this was not merely another instance of Show Business sending self-congratulatory internal memos. Armstrong achieved so much in his life that even those who have written the facts a dozen times still find it hard to believe them.

His very birth-date seemed too good to be true: July 4, 1900, has about it the air of being history's attempt at the easy telephone number or something arranged by a publicist. But that chronological accident is nothing compared with what the man himself actually did. For Louis Armstrong must have been the



laughing, joking, singing, playing a little, talking about jazz, and sunning himself in the radiant evening glow of public acclaim.

Now he is gone it seems impossible that so much happened between the birth and death of one man. The development of jazz—whose reverberations, like the noise of a party in the basement, are now felt in perhaps three-quarters of all music—has been telescoped as if in an historical pageant; in academic terms, imagine going from "Sumner is Ioumen in" to Stockholm in 70 years.

The showmanship

Armstrong carried the music about half that distance, not only more or less on his own but almost, as the Victorian serial writers used to say, in one bound. By 1930 his personal revolution was over, and, in a recording career then not much more than five years old, he had shown that a once purely social New Orleans music, designed as an adjunct to dancing, picnics, advertising and funerals, was also capable of majesty and passion.

He was a showman, however, and by the time he first came to Europe in the early 30s he was being displayed, as though in a shop window, as the centre of attraction in a big band. People were not always able to see the majesty and the passion beyond the sweat, the clowning and the high notes.

And there was the voice; it

smoother than it would be later, it nevertheless already had the texture of an unworn brick chimney, and he used it for comic effect.

Ordinary audiences, though, who didn't know he was debasing himself, loved him, and he loved them. It was not until the late 40s that some jazz people and Louis were really reconciled. With years of big bands and appearances in films behind him, he suddenly returned to the small group format, and once again the brazen splendour of that incomparable trumpet sound, and that musical grilling-shovelling which was his voice, were heard in what was felt to be their right setting. And he brought his international popular audience with him. Artist, poet, revolutionary, entertainer, were all there together in the mind and body of one black ebullient irresistible man.

The slenderness of the chance which brooded all this about him. If young Louis had not been picked up in the street for some misdemeanour at 13, had not been sent to the Waifs' Home, had not been taught to play the cornet in the home's band, would jazz and popular music have been different? I don't think it's too much to say that they would.

That is just speculation. The reality of what did happen is on so many records and in so many of the music that came after him that I can paraphrase what an author said when he heard that George Gershwin had died: Louis Armstrong is dead, but I don't have to believe it, if I don't want to.

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STB35N

WAS a student during the critical years of 1955-57 when our Common Market the Six was being born amid prophecies of woe and acute pains of labour.

People have such short memories. The story of the E.E.C. has made everyone forget that those old fears of theirs ever existed. Indeed, some of those who opposed the Treaty of Rome at its inception, such as Georges Villiers, then president of the powerful French Industrialist Confederation Nationale du Patronat Français, later came its staunchest supporters.

That is why, for me today, the discussions of arguments now used against entry in the ring such a familiar bell. Turning to my own memories, talking again to some of the pioneer builders of the Community such as M. Spaak, and reading Press reports of parliamentary debates, I have found many striking similarities between the hostility and scepticism among the Six 15 years ago and at which exists in Britain this summer.

Then as now, the most basic, widely supported argument of those opposed to any form of common European venture was that national sovereignty was being surrendered and its national interest threatened. It was widespread among the French, who argued at the Treaty would mean the complete eclipse of France.

M. Léo Hamon, today Secretary of State to President Pompidou and French Government spokesman, said in Parliament in July, 1957: "The Treaty strips France of her personality, deprives her her rightful place and means the end of a way of life, which, as the country will see when it returns to its senses, is being sacrificed as a mirage."

The smaller countries had even greater reservations. During the ratification debate in the Dutch Parliament in October, 1957, M. Kortbeek, People's Party for Freedom and Democracy, said: "This transfer of power means that the keys to the life of our national community will be handed over to others."

But the most powerful argument was provided by his colleague M. A. Leenwen: "No amount of argument to the contrary can alter the fact that we are to be incorporated into a protectionist continental bloc to which we do not belong by reason of our traditions, our mentality or our geographical position."

Another exact forerunner of the arguments being used in Britain today was when the Belgian Senator de Jorlodot, said bluntly in the Senate in November, 1957: "What Bonaparte and Hitler failed to win by force, will be won by negotiation!"

Infounded fears

Well, there's not much need for me to point the moral here: the small countries of the Six have not been swallowed up; as for France, she now has more French personality than ever.

And it is the same story of unjustified fears, of dogmen laid to rest by the passage of time, in the case of the other main objections raised by those scared, sincere, but, as it has turned out, short-sighted anti-Europeans of yesterday.

France and Belgium were especially concerned about their equivalent of "abandoning the commonwealth," but thanks to the special arrangements made in their overseas territories, the links are still strong and alive today.

The farmers of almost all countries of the Six were afraid of being swamped by their neighbour's produce. In fact no country has been swamped and the general level of efficiency is steadily rising.

Dire prophecies of huge price rises as a direct result of joining the Market (especially strong in West Germany and Holland) proved either exaggerated or unfounded. So did the fears—voiced loudly by all the trade union movements in the Six except the Italian—of free movement of labour could bring about industrial and social chaos and depressing standards.

As to the supposed threat to the small businessmen, the most interesting parallel case is that of Belgium, whose industrial pattern in 1956 was in some ways similar to that of Britain today. M. Raymond Scheyven, Christian Democrat, and now Minister for the Developing Countries, asserted: "Belgium, with its antiquated industrial structure, is sure to be crushed by its larger E.E.C. partners."

But look at the prosperity in my own country now. We also heard in the Belgian, German and Dutch Parliaments much grumbling about the way such a treaty, which would undoubtedly change the course of European history, was now being "rushed through" after having been negotiated behind closed doors. Parliamentary representatives, resented, being used as mere yes-men. They claimed that public opinion was not sufficiently well informed.

Well, what was the position in the run-up to the vote with us in the Six 15 years ago, and how did everything work out? Allowing for the inevitable differences between the six future member countries, we can summarise the general lines of political opposition, common to them all, roughly as follows:

Communists everywhere were opposed, as they had consistently been in the past, to any form of strengthening Western Europe and to the integration of a free market economy. Some Left-wingers were carried along in their wake. There was also a Right-wing "romantic fringe" made up of those who still yearned for past grandeur, who were used to the stability of their institutions, who still clung to the remnants of Empire or who feared the loss of their national identity in a changing world.

Then there was the small shopkeeper, caught in the middle. For him, the horizon suddenly became too vast and he feared for his own security. As for those in the Six countries who were strongly and actively in favour of joining the Common Market, they were few in number but they were an elite of influential people, cutting right across social and political strata.

The vast majority of people were both ignorant and indifferent. This was largely due to the fact that the Treaty had been drawn up, and the negotiations conducted at government level, behind closed doors. But once the Treaty had been signed in Rome in March, 1957, things came out into the open.

During the next nine months, while the battle for ratification was on, the magnitude of the choice at stake began to dawn on many people. There was a vague awareness of the fact that joining a larger Europe was now inevitable. Viewed from inside the system, things began to look rather different.

This gave new heart to those in favour. They rallied to the banner of the European Movement, which was made up of both politicians and private individuals. It was led by Robert Schuman. An information campaign was conducted on an international level and in each individual country. Pamphlets were produced. Conferences and meetings were held.

In June, 1957, a congress was organised in Rome on the question of what sort of policy to follow once inside the Community. Pope Pius XII gave an audience to the delegates and openly voiced his approval of the European ideal. This pro-

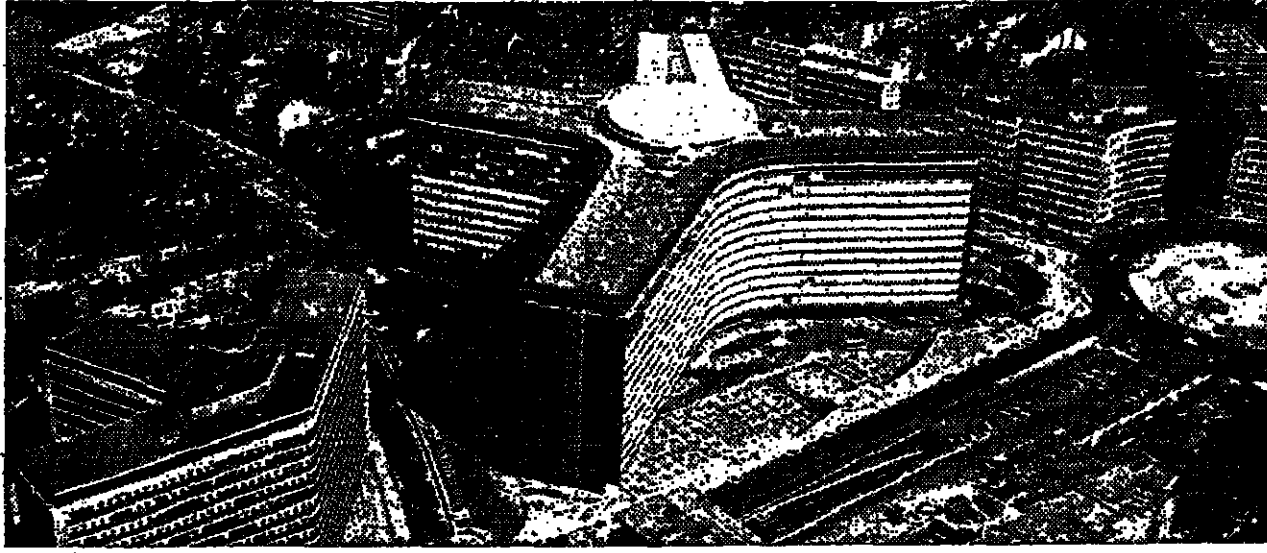
MARKET FEARS

How the Six learned to stop worrying



★
by
ALAIN CAMU

The heart of Europe: E.E.C. headquarters, Brussels



announcement was warmly welcomed by the French Catholics. In the meantime, the French Socialists in power had already pledged their faith in the Treaty. Baron Boël, with his European League for Economic Co-operation, set out to influence the opinion of top businessmen. Study groups were formed, talks were held and resolutions were made which were subsequently to influence leaders in each country.

Precise campaign

Enquiries were undertaken in each particular sector of industry. Experts were sent to study the effects the Common Market would have on their sector and the best way to cope with developments.

On the party level, people with Christian affinities belonged to the *Nouvelles Equipes Internationales*; Socialists to the *Socialist Movement*; and the United States of Europe, which was active among the trade unions; Liberals to the Liberal Movement for United Europe.

Other groups included the *Mouvement Fédéraliste Européen*, the *Centre d'Action Européenne Fédéraliste*, and the *Action Committee for the United States of Europe* headed by M. Jean Monnet and comprising mainly politicians and trade unionists. The European Municipal Council was very influential at the local level, mainly in France.

Individual efforts were also made to convince parliamentarians. The Belgian Senator M. Etienne de La Vallée Poussin, for example, at the invitation of M. Fievez, addressed a packed French Senate on the benefits of the Treaty. He stated that although the Belgian and Dutch nations, and their economies, were probably more different from each other than those of any other country in the Six and hence, prior to the Treaty, the two least likely to integrate successfully, the experiment was nevertheless universally regarded as a success.

This dedicated campaigning was done with limited means, but by individuals who were united in their passion for Europe. It was the leaders of opinion and, above all, the parliamentarians, who had to be convinced. At no time was it felt that such matters should be settled by direct appeal to the electorate.

If the main message was the same on the international plane, it was different in the details.

In Italy, it was shown that joining the Community would mean the end of their inferiority complex about being an underdeveloped country. In Germany, it was to be a moral rehabilitation and, at the same time, the best way of winning what had proved impossible to take by force. The French were proud to think that French ideas were about to shape Europe. In the Benelux countries it was felt that there was no alternative means of survival for them within their constricting frontiers, a parallel, on a much smaller scale, with the British case today.

And what was the outcome when it came to the vote? It is a tribute to the sound judgment of the Western democracies that, despite so many fears and misgivings, the Treaty, signed in Rome by the six Governments on March 25, 1957, was ratified in each country by an overwhelming majority (except in France) and, what is more, across party lines.

In France the Treaty was approved in the National Assembly by 342 votes to 259. For the motion, on bloc, were the M.R.P. (Christian Democrats) and the orthodox Socialists. Against were the Gaullist *Républicains Sociaux* (M.

Chaban-Delmas, the present Prime Minister, abstained) and the Communists. The other parties were split according to individual attitudes.

In Italy the vote in the Lower House was 311 for (by the Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Liberals) and 144 against (by the Communists) with 54 abstentions (by the *Nenni Socialists*, who did, however, vote for Euratom).

This was the first occasion on which the Socialists broke with their traditional habit of voting with the Communists on a major issue. The Right-wing Monarchists, despite many reservations, voted in favour.

In the German Bundestag, 400 out of 497 deputies voted for the ratification (the Christian Democratic Union, the Liberals and the Social Democratic party on bloc, despite the reservations of the latter). The Free Democratic party and the Party for Refugees, sentimental about German reunification, voted against.

In Belgium, in the Lower House, the three main parties voted for (171), with the exception of four Communists, one Flemish Nationalist and one Christian Democrat. The Socialist party, though not really enthusiastic, voted chiefly out of loyalty to M. Spaak.

In the three Benelux countries the most outspoken political opposition came from the Netherlands. Nevertheless, even here 114 voted for and only 12 against: the Communists, together with small reactionary or Protestant parties, generally hostile to any form of international co-operation. In Luxembourg 46 voted for, and only three—all Communists—against.

The various arguments put forward by those who opposed the Treaty of Rome, which are repeated in one form or another in Britain today, merely serve to illustrate the fact that, when faced with the unknown, people normally tend to react negatively. They believe things are bound to go wrong and tend to side with the prophets of doom.

Short-term disadvantages are easily demonstrable, while long-term benefits are not. An innate conservatism makes people feel they are taking a leap in the dark. Sheer lack of imagination makes them incapable of rethinking their future.

The British, like the French, are particularly attached to the notion of national sovereignty. Their attachment is rooted in a strong tradition and deeply felt. It is useless to fight upstream if public opinion is neither informed nor conditioned to change. This conditioning process took a long time within the Six—way from 1952 (when the Coal and Steel Community was founded) until 1957.

The amazing thing is that everyone in the Six has forgotten all the arguments against joining which were first put forward 15 years ago. The most famous antagonists of the E.E.C. job at being confronted with what they said at the time. No single group of any importance, no political party within the Six, not even the Communists, would today contemplate relinquishing membership, despite all the difficulties and crises the E.E.C. has gone through.

This certainly does not mean that everybody is happy with the way the Community has developed, but that at least what has been achieved is considered good. There is no cause for regretful backward glances.

The optimistic forecasts of the pre-market of the day, the "Dynamic School," have constantly proved to be broadly accurate, whereas the forecasts made by the nationalists or the "Static School" have proved to be continually and consistently wrong.

One interesting revelation to emerge from the experience of European integration is that differently structured economies and different social conditions merge with remarkable ease once they are all plunged into a common whirlpool. The similarities tend to outweigh the differences. People experience "future-shock" which depresses some of them, but gives a fresh stimulus and fires the imagination of others. Uncertainty gradually gives way to certainty and permits long-term investment planning.

Once the decision to join had been made by the Six, these factors accounted to a large extent both for the expansion of intra-E.E.C. trade and for the development of investment which has taken place among the Six during the past decade, supporting a continuous period of growth. Industrialists even attempt to keep one step ahead of Governments. This explains the present pressure for economic and monetary union now after the finalising of the Customs Union in 1970.

Britain's insularity and her hitherto dubious prospects of entering the Common Market have undoubtedly delayed a similar surge forward. But, with us, the surge happened. Italy experienced an economic miracle, France was shaken up, the Netherlands and Germany were carried on the path of prosperity, and Belgium, far from being crushed by the E.E.C., experienced a remarkable economic revival.

In the Fifties Belgium's position was very much like that of Britain today, with a traditional industrial structure, a slow rate of growth and a fairly high level of unemployment. Between 1953 and 1960 the average growth rate was 2.9 p.c., the same as in Britain. From 1960 to 1969 it leaped to 4.7 p.c., compared with only 2.8 p.c. in Britain.

Belgium thus got off the ground after a decade of stagnation and moved towards sustained growth and full employment, with high wages and an external surplus. Speaking from personal experience, I see no reason to ascribe this take-off to any other single factor than to the stimulating effect of the Common Market.

After the recent agreement in Luxembourg, should any Briton still hesitate to try out the recipe?

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TOO FEW KNOW THE 'KISS'

A BABY, drowned by slipping into the bath while his mother went to answer the phone, might well have lived if someone on the spot had known how to give him the "kiss of life." That sample was given last week by Sir Adrian Curlew, an x-high court judge and president of the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia, when he charged the British public with ignorance of this most elementary but most effective way of saving life.

Was the judge right? First aid organisations tend to agree with Sir Adrian's comments, but with some reservations. "We are well aware of the need to educate the public and we are doing all we can as a voluntary society to increase the scale of rescue from drowning techniques," countered Brigadier Gerald de Courcy Jones, director and chief secretary of the Royal Life Saving Society. There is certainly enormous scope—for extending such teaching.

But many people do realise that they need to know how to perform the kiss of life which can revive victims of drowning, electrocution, suffocation and shock. Last year the St. John Ambulance Brigade alone

trained 108,655 for its full first aid certificate, and 40,221 in the essentials of first aid.

The various factory, shops and offices acts, which stipulate that one in every 50 people employed by an organisation must receive first aid training, have been responsible for encouraging people working in industry to learn the technique. Courses for volunteers are run by the St. John Ambulance Brigade, St. Andrew's in Scotland, and the Red Cross.

But accidents usually happen in unsupervised places. Two-thirds of the 600 people who drown in Britain every year, for instance, die not in the sea but in canals, lakes, garden ponds or the bath.

Training a small group in this life-saving skill takes only about an hour. And practice on a dummy overcomes any aversion people may have to the physical contact involved in "refloating" a victim's lungs by breathing through the mouth or nose.

The technique requires far less physical effort than chest compression, is easier to teach and people make fewer mistakes when applying it. But though it is one of the oldest methods of resuscitation—Elisha is described in the Bible as using it to revive his son—it only gained acceptance in Britain about ten years ago after a Press campaign following its

success in America and Scandinavia.

First aid organisations, detecting a need to educate a wider section of the public, have recently introduced short, single session courses. But response has been disappointing so far. "The demand is not as big as we would like," said a spokesman for the Red Cross. "People still think they have to take a full course."

Certainly there is no lack of diagrammatic instructions. Every motorist's first aid box contains a leaflet and the Red Cross produces a wall chart.

Although the Red Cross and St. John's give instruction to schools, Guides and youth clubs, most of the teaching in schools is given with rescue-from-drowning lessons by the Royal Life Saving Society.

Further increases in kiss-of-life classes are limited by a lack of money. All the first aid societies are voluntary organisations, and receive no money from the Government. Indeed every other life saving society in the Commonwealth receives government support. The British organisation does receive 25,000 towards the cost of teaching children to rescue drowning people, but nothing for teaching how to revive them.

EVELYN COX



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National Westminster Bank
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to the Editor Letters to the Editor Letters to the Editor

Whose myth in Ireland?

IT is not easy to see why Peregrine Worsthorne should hold Mr. Lynch up to ridicule for his failure to put forward concrete plans for the abolition of partition, or what purpose is served by lecturing him on the folly of thinking that a solution could be usefully imposed by force.

While all Irishmen, and indeed all men of common sense, must agree that the unity of Ireland is ideally desirable, both Mr. Lynch and all other responsible Southern leaders have for long been insisting that that unity can only come about with the consent of the North.

If Mr. Worsthorne found Dubliners ready to talk about the abolition of partition I can only think that this was because he wanted to talk about it himself and they with their characteristic courtesy humoured him. At the last election no political party in its manifesto made any reference to partition and it is my experience that it bulks very little in Dublin's conversation.

The myth is mainly in Mr. Worsthorne's mind and those who do refer to it usually do so to thank God that they have not the responsibility for looking after Mr. Parnell. I have found even among Northern Unionists considerable praise for the wisdom and courage of Mr. Lynch who, far from deserving Mr. Worsthorne's ridicule, has under very difficult circumstances prevented his Government from becoming embroiled in the troubles of the North.—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, Frome, Somerset

My admiration of Peregrine Worsthorne, I am sorry to say, has now been destroyed. He suggests that the Southern Irish

Government Ministers seem to want Britain to solve the problem, and not leave them holding the monstrous baby.

Surely anyone who has read the history books knows that Britain conceived this "baby" by planting the Scottish settlers in Ulster in the first instance. This was, is and will continue to be the Irish problem, and until such time as the English Government finds a way to solve the fearsome set-up all the frustrating circumstances will continue.

What the solution might be I cannot hazard a guess, but in the meantime let us be fair and face the truth and not pass the buck to the Government of Southern Ireland.—BRIAN L. M. HYLAND, Southsea, Hants.

From Sir John Lomas
THE Worsthorne diagnosis is full of wit and good sense, but its conclusion suggests no remedy. He opines, quite rightly, that the present impasse suits Dublin: so he leaves it unsaid—we must settle for a permanent state of urban insurgency in Ulster with the Queen's Army in the rôle of "fall-guy".

To this Englishman, Sir, that's not nearly good enough. There is a remedy, and a simple one. It arises from the truth that the existing Anglo-Irish set-up favours the Republic in every particular. Irish citizens, though insisting on alien status, enjoy full rights of citizenship in the United Kingdom. They can enter freely, vote, be elected to office, occupy top jobs in the Civil Service or State agencies, gain pensions and have them paid on their doorstep in Eire.

Hence by the present inter-treaty status Eire has every advantage, and Britain none; and especially, no protection

from those Irish who make war on us.

In the face of this obvious alignment of factors, there is a sure and safe path for U.K. diplomacy to square that balance, and—at the same time—restore peace to Ulster.

It could be done neatly and swiftly by serving notice in Dublin to terminate all Anglo-Irish treaties, with a reasonable lapse. Then the relationship of the two countries would be between any two foreign States—no better and no worse.

With the prospect of all their advantages—free entry, the vote, free remittance, etc.—due to disappear, Dublin would no longer find the status quo so pleasing. And we should meet them halfway. With notice of termination, we should offer to re-negotiate limbo-treaties beginning six months after the last act of violence occurs in Ulster.

If we really want a final settlement, this is how we can get it; and we must, for there is no other way to get our troops out of this kind of warfare in which they are always targeted, and their opponents always under cover. JOHN LOMAS, Llanelli, Anglesey.

MR. WORTHORNE'S article demonstrates convincingly the dilemma in which Britain now finds itself. But surely he doesn't expect the Irish Government to discuss its proposals for a British declaration of intent with a journalist? This is a matter between the two Governments.

Britain is already almost imperceptibly starting to disentangle herself from the North of Ireland (e.g. Aldergrove Airport, Short Bros. & Harland, etc.) and this process will continue.

The British Government should now initiate talks with the Irish Government to discuss the timing of a gradual withdrawal of financial, economic and political support from the Six Counties, and the resultant consequences for the Irish Government, preparatory to the issue of joint public statements by both Governments about the future status of that part of Ireland.

Mr. Worsthorne is probably right about our insouciant attitude in Dublin. But after years of fruitless approaches to Britain and her self-styled "loyalist" subjects in the Six Counties we are forced to murmur "a plague on both your houses." Nevertheless, if the British and Irish Governments can work out a phased unification programme for Ireland, we can and will face the responsibilities of nationhood for a 32-county Ireland. I trust Mr. Worsthorne would concede that we have already demonstrated our capability in this direction after 50 years of self-government in a 26-county Ireland.—V. FANNING, Dublin 5.

POINTS

Identity cards: I wonder how many of your readers still carry their wartime identity cards. Mine came in useful in Norway a year or two ago when I was on the run. I carried the cheque and had left my passport at the hotel. I don't see why anyone but a criminal should object to carrying one.—C. HOWES, Leeds.

Stockport blues: Someone should inform the Women's Lib. movement that, according to Marika Hanbury Tenison, instead of pursuing fascinating ideas and careers they ought to be in the kitchen hovering over a stockpot of (quote) "vegetable trimmings, meat bones and skin, bacon rinds, meat juices, gravy, the skins of onions and tomatoes, stalks of parsley, and herbs." I wonder just how true a picture this is of the average Freshwater. Do they never use an instant stock cube?—(Mrs.) I. E. HULIN, Bramley, Surrey.

Dog Watch: The appalling case of the dog-eating establishment in Cornwall, described by magistrates as being like a "canine chamber of horrors," is a disturbing and disturbing action. Why not register these establishments and subject them to spot checks by qualified inspectors?—(Mrs.) W. R. WALLACE, Harpenden, Herts.



Welcome them

MAY I echo your sentiments about extending a more hearty welcome to tourists in London? The more cosmopolitan and colourful the capital becomes the better, and it would be so pleasant for a change if the public would stop to consider the benefits the tourists bring us (and I don't necessarily mean cash).

Their patronage of the theatre and the arts in general often enables managements to mount more ambitious productions during the rest of the year on the proceeds of their summer takings. The wider range of goods available in the shops and the proliferation of different cuisines can only be to our advantage.

And who knows, perhaps their demands for better standards—as I witnessed recently when a Danish gentleman complained in no uncertain terms to the proprietor of a café about the lack of cleanliness, and the slow service—much to the embarrassment of the uncomplaining English customers—might even make us pull our socks up a bit.—R. B. MCKENZIE, Harrow, Middlesex.

Arch-marks

RICHARD BENNETT, in his review last Sunday of "Fouché: The Unprincipled Patriot" by Hubert Cole, stated that Stefan Zweig's "Fouché: The Politician," which Cassell published in an English translation in 1930, is the only other study in English of this man. This is not correct. In 1928 Allen and Unwin published "Fouché: The Man Napoleon Feared," by Nils Forsell, translated by Anna Barwell. Perhaps we should not be too harsh in our judgment of this reputedly efficient and remorseless man, Fouché, since his memory does serve to remind us that, after all, it is possible to outwit and out-terrorise terrorists, and, from his claim that "where there are three together, I have always one listening," to outmark even the most secret Anarchists.—(Rev.) E. E. HUGHES, Wells, Somerset.

Song which failed to amuse

LIKE the clergyman and the "Lucy" story, we now get another of the "We are not amused" anecdotes in last Sunday's issue.

To put the facts straight, it was during Mrs. Ormiston Chant's anti-saloon campaign that the parody of the revivalist hymn was invented. Some say it originated with the frequenters of the "Plough," Clapham, who started it, and that the words were by Dan Leno who

Why Bristol isn't grateful

IT is ironic that Mandrake should choose the Sunday following the successful Second Reading in the House of Commons of the Bristol West Docks Bill to accuse the Bristol Corporation of apathy. A strange comment on a city which has fought consistently for six years to persuade Parliament to allow us to spend our own money on our own docks.

Is he aware that the S.S. Great Britain, of which he writes, was possibly the most unlucky ship ever launched in Bristol, and certainly a financial disaster?

In 1832 the Bristol Journal of February 14 remarked: "The accounts of the company show... disastrous results... The loss of the Great Britain alone was £107,869, and on the works [established by Brunel to build the ship] £47,777."

Par worse, in the eyes of Bristol historians, was the loss to Liverpool of the passenger trade won for Bristol by the Great Western Railway link with London, the success of which was due to the early voyages of this ship were a triumph for Brunel, and with the Great Western link with London, the success of Bristol as a transatlantic terminus seemed to be assured. If more similar ships were brought into service at once.

Instead of this, Brunel took four years to build the Great Britain, during which time Mr. Canning and his Mersey friends had built and put into service six ships of the Great Western type. Another 17 months were to elapse before the ship made its experimental cruise. This was largely due to the weight of the engines, causing "the hull to be so deeply immersed as to be unable to pass out of the float."

Can you wonder, then, that the Bristol Corporation looks dubiously at the unfortunate relic, which well-meaning people have towed up and left in our river? We must be thankful that no one has, as yet, dumped a Bristol Bulldog Fighter on College Green, and suggested we restore it.—MARCUS HARTNELL, Alderman of Bristol.

In disguise

I AM sure that Cardinal Heenan, if he chooses, is more than capable of answering the letter from the Rev. L. E. Whatmore last Sunday to the effect that he was not a priest, but I shall be grateful if he can find space for this from me.

When Fr. Heenan went to Russia he was a young and relatively inexperienced priest. He knew he was a priest and probably never envisaged a complication such as he encountered when he was told he had to come to Russia already a priest and she inadvertently let this information slip out, she and his other associates in Russia might have been punished by the authorities here as a result.—JOYCE F. STEERS, St. Ives, Cornwall.

AS a Catholic who is thankful we are blessed with so human a priest as Cardinal Heenan to lead the Catholic Church in England, I deplore the Rev. L. E. Whatmore's letter. He criticises the Cardinal for not revealing to Lola that he was already a priest when he discovered, after his return to England, that she had formed a strong affection for him.

The effect of a callous revelation of the full truth on a young woman, in an emotional state of mind and groping her way back to the faith, can well be imagined. The Cardinal's gentle deception in order to spare the girl's feelings is an example of consideration for others which should always govern a Christian's actions.—B. FITZGERALD, Aylesbury, Bucks.



Lunchtime relaxation in the sunshine on the patio of the Phene Arms, Chelsea

Eating al fresco

ONE thing which has been made plain by the sudden spell of good weather is that, if the British want to take to the great outdoors to eat, it is now a great deal easier for them to do so than ever before. It would be an exaggeration to say that every street is bursting with gay, Continental-style cafés, but it is true that every kind of eating place, from pubs and pizzerias to top-grade restaurants are busy bringing out the tables and umbrellas, if they have a spot of ground to call their own.

There, of course, lies the snag. The ground really does have to be their own: none of the messy Parisian cluttering up of the public footpaths for us. As Westminster Council put it: "You could apply to use the pavement and the application would be considered, but it's highly unlikely to be granted. And even with your own forecourt you could still run the risk of obstruction."

With this distinct lack of encouragement from the authorities, it is surprising that so many restaurateurs make the effort. However, if they can manage it, it is well worth their while. Stella Brett, who owns L'Artiste Assouffé in Westbourne Grove, decided two years ago to make use of her garden and deck it out with tables, umbrellas and lanterns.

"It's been a great success," she says. "People love the idea of eating in a garden in spring and summer and we're taking orders up to 12 o'clock."

Mr. John Pitcairn, of the Mardis Gras in Harrington Road, S.W.7, has had the same experience. He used just to have coffee tables on his terrace, but now it is a full-scale dining area and on warm nights he's turning customers away.

Obviously, given the chance, we are as fond of al fresco eating as any other nation, so wouldn't it be possible to make it just a bit easier for restaurants to give us what we want?

MARY BROGAN

WINE

Days of wine and rosés



Glass to enhance summer drinks and food. Foreground, left to right: champagne sundae glass from Dartington, 59p; Bark glass tumbler from Whitefriars, 56p; Dartington Bulldog glass, 59p, all from Heals', 196, Tottenham Court Road, W.1; Riedel "drink" in glass, set of six £6-60 from Liberty, Regent Street, W.1; Timo Sarpaneva's tankard for Itala of Finland, £1-15 at Heals'. Background, left to right: Frascati wine glass, set of four, £6-50; Frascati pitcher from Orrefors, £4-35; Orrefors engraved salad set, £5-75, all from Heals'; carafe, 40p from Habitat, 156/158, Tottenham Court Road, W.1, and branches.

BY JOHN MORRELL

currently selling at 50p in Fine Fare stores. Victoria Wine-Tyler's shops have a good range including a dry Bordeaux Rosé at 69p and Don Carter Spanish Rosé at 59p. The best rosés come from Tavel near Avignon and the same shops have a Tavel Rosé by Grants of St. James's which I like for its body and some strength at 85p.

Little bottles are popular now and many stores have Sextino, an attractive medium-dry rosé from Corsica at 81p and Charbonnier, a French rosé at 84p imported by Coleman of Norwich in this size, while Peter Dominic shops

have Carafino Rosé at 81p, a French blend.

For post orders, El Vino of 47, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, sell a medium-dry Tavel Rosé of pleasant fragrance for 90p and are one of the few firms to send six bottles carriage paid. From the Loire comes a 1970 Cabernet d'Anjou Rosé, dearer but estate-bottled by P. Chêne in the case of Robert James, Son & Co. who offer a dozen at £12-60 from their cellars at 79, Aslett Street, London, SW18 2BE.

Lighter white wines for summer include Macon Blanc and I recently much enjoyed a 1970 from Georges Dubouef at the Michelin-starred Mère Blanc restaurant in Vonnas near Macon. Robert Jackson of 172 Piccadilly, W.1 sell it here for 85p.

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BRIDGE British challenge

NEXT month, over the August holiday weekend, a new type of congress will take place in London. The congress is in aid of the National Fund for Research into Crippling Diseases.

Events will be played simultaneously at the Europa and Piccadilly Hotels, and at other venues to be announced later, so the tournament may well turn out to be the first British challenge to the American style congress, with attendance figures hitherto beyond our reach.

Besides a main pairs and teams P. championship there will be a mixed pairs and a mixed teams tournament, a "play with an international" event and a novel competition based on master point rating.

The tournament, sponsored by Hatch Mansfield & Co., wine merchants, starts on the afternoon of Friday, August 27, and continues until about 7 p.m. on Monday, August 30. There will be about £1,000 worth of prizes in kind.

Entry details from Mrs. L. Ramsey, Grand Metropolitan House, Stratford Place, London, W1N 0AJ.

Bold play on the following deal, from a recent Continental congress, would have landed us a glorious contract.

West led ♠K and declarer realised that it could not pay to duck the heart for the only chance lay in East holding ♠A and precisely one heart.

Dealer South Game all

♠ A10
♥ 9543
♦ KQ9865
♣ 4

♠ 97
♥ KQ1082
♦ J4
♣ Q732

♠ 5432
♥ A732
♦ J865
♣ KQJ86
♠ AJ7
♥ 10
♣ AK109

South West North East

1♠ Pass 2♣ Pass

3NT Pass 6NT Pass

Declarer therefore won the first trick with ♠A and led ♠10 running. A trick when West failed to cover.

East ducked, so declarer entered dummy with ♠A and led ♠K, which East won with ♠A. While declarer discarded a heart and West followed with ♠J. All would have been well had declarer at this point if East had returned a spade but unfortunately he led a club so declarer could not make more than 10 tricks.

Declarer's visualisation was faulty. He was correct in placing East with ♠A and a singleton heart, but he failed to appreciate that ♠J must be held by either East or West. At the second trick ♠10 should be overtaken by ♠Q and, if ♠A is held up, ♠K should be played from dummy. A lucky slam would then have been made for a top on the board.

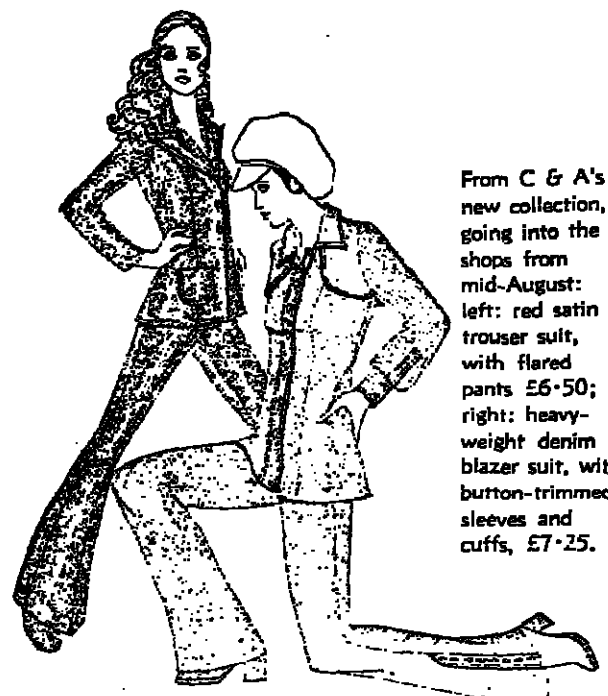
Touch of glamour for summer evenings



Left: Two-piece by John Marks has scoop-neck black crepe top and brightly-printed, wrap-around skirt, price £18, from Miss Selfridge, Duke Street, London, W.1, and Brompton Road, S.W.3.
Right: Ankle-length dress in printed voile, with contrasting

print hem and cuffs, is by "Mother Wouldn't Like It" and costs £13.50 from Liberty, Regent Street, W.1. The trompe l'oeil background is made up of a combination of tiles and mirrors made by Ultralite. Tiles (20in. square) in any colour, including transparent, cost £3.50

each, featherweight Mirrorlite mirror £33.85 for the 8ft. by 4ft. size. Tiles and mirrors can be attached to walls by double-sided Velcro pads, but for price quotations for ceilings write to Ultralite, 61, Connaught Street, London, W.2. Prices include package and delivery charges.



From C & A's new collection, going into the shops from mid-August: left: red satin trouser suit, with flared pants £5.50; right: heavy-weight denim blazer suit, with button-trimmed sleeves and cuffs, £7.25.

By MARY BROGAN

SHOPPING is never, to most people, the most enticing prospect at the best of times and the sales period is certainly not the best of times. However, surprising though it may seem, there are those who will brave the hurly-burly simply to buy a dress rather than hunt for a bargain.

What exactly are these dedicated shoppers looking for just now, while others search frantically through the rails of jersey dresses, furs and last year's swim-suits, for economy's sake? The answer seems to be evening dresses. Whether the reason is that customers want to add a bit of glamour to holiday wardrobes, or simply that the belated arrival of warm weather brings out a sudden rash of parties, the result is that the shops find it worth their while to keep a good stock of leisure wear available right through the summer season.

Not unnaturally, the most popular lines are the casual styles, rather than full-scale

ANYONE who is prudently planning ahead for her autumn wardrobe will be glad to know that C & A have coming into their shops from next month one of their best collections yet. Trouser suits, co-ordinates, minis, midis, and, particularly, sueded, are all there. Their remarkable prices are already well known, but it is well worth taking a look at the cut and quality of the new lines.



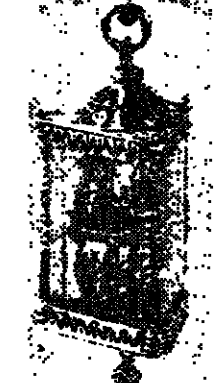
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Spanish Renaissance pendant, £1.200 from the Cameo Corner exhibition

I have seen opened last week at Cameo Corner (26, Museum Street, London W.C.1). It is interesting largely because all the jewellery is made of quartz, one of the most common minerals in the earth's crust but at the same time one of the most fascinating and varied of gem stones.

The earliest piece is a cornelian and decorated gold head necklace with drop cornelians that is possibly as old as 2,000-3,000 B.C. The most recent examples are representative of the work of a number of young British designers. All the pieces are for sale and prices range from £4 to £1,200. The exhibition is on until July 30.

Whether you want to buy or merely to look, one of the most interesting and time-spanning exhibitions of jewellery is, in fact, to cater for the latter that Arthur Court has just flown into London. For Mr. Court, as well as being a successful interior designer up and down the Californian coast, is also a "sculptor". He mounts crystal specimens and does a roaring trade in "nature's sculpture" from coast to coast.

Now he has hit the British Isles, for tomorrow Harrods

open their Arthur Court boutique, an Aladdin's-cave of tourmalines, calcite, quartz, fluorite, amethysts and agates, shimmering beneath spotlights and pivoting on brass, chromed-steel and perspex mounts.

Definitely no hard digging needed here, simply a fairly ample exchange of money (anything from £7.50 to around £1,000) and a bit of careful spotlighting back home.

Unlike Mr. Court, who actually owns five mines in Nevada and Arizona, Rowley Collier satisfies his love of rocks by collecting them at home and selling them at work. For the shop he manages (Gemrocks Limited, 7/8, Holborn, London, E.C.1) is one of the largest in this country specialising in the raw materials and working tools of lapidary.

About 80 per cent. of his customers are actively making things whether they are items of jewellery, decorative wall plaques or lamp bases. The other 20 per cent. are simply mineral collectors or people who fancy a hunk of crystal as an ornamental object.

But although there will always be practical people who like pottering about making jewellery, there are others, like me, who prefer to buy it ready-made.

Whether you want to buy or merely to look, one of the most interesting and time-spanning exhibitions of jewellery

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ST/24

Coping with 4,000 for tea

By CHRISTINE VERITY

THE Queen held four garden parties at Buckingham Palace last week. Normally, it is three, but this year she gave a special one for the 50th anniversary of the British Legion.

How, one wonders, does a Palace garden party work? For, in fact, it does. After the event one can report that 4,000 people (and this is half the usual number of guests) spent a happy afternoon. Apart from the presence of the Royal party it could have been a giant village fête.

For every garden party the gates of the Palace open promptly at 3.15 p.m. People queue quietly through the blazing sun in their best suits and flowery hats, mingling somewhat awkwardly with the hot pants and blue jeans of the bewildered tourists.

The Metropolitan Police have been warning the already over-burdened London car driver that certain roads will be closed or turned into one-way streets during party time. This year, even more policemen are around because of the ticket tont score.

Organisation for the party has begun months before, hand in the Lord Chamberlain's office. The guests are recommended by different organisations and three to four weeks before the event, invitations are sent out.

As we finally emerge on to the lawn one of the two regimental bands present plays nice selections from the show. A small pennant flies in the wind to indicate which band is playing. When it flutters gently in the ground the signal is taken and the other band strikes up. Groups of British

Legion gentlemen stand proudly displaying their medals. What with the bands and the tents, it is all like a scene from "Oh, What A Lovely War".

Everything is taken care of. St. John Ambulance waits with a fully equipped medical van, plus doctors and nurses. Radio operators connect the

type of staff and the right amount of food. "We've put a higher spread on than usual today," I was told. "Some of these people have come a long way". An awful lot was being consumed: buns, biscuits, iced coffee. For some it was obviously more important than the Queen.

At the bottom of the garden the flamingos stand in the sun. But reality is nearby in the form of two discreetly placed tents which are lavatories. The plumbing is a permanent fixture which is covered over by grass during the year.

In the ladies' tent one can use an ivory-backed hair brush, dab a bit of Atkinson's cologne behind the ear and hear how lovely Prince Edward is from attendants.

Although I could not go inside the gentlemen's tent, I was told it sported footmen to hand guests soap and towel. But the real point of being there, as Christopher Robin said, was to see the Queen. The Royal party emerge from the Caernarvon Room at 4 p.m. every time. The hand starts to play the National Anthem when the sign is given, and they are soon in our midst spurred on by a splendid rendering of the waltz sequence from "Der Rosenkavalier".

Although a certain amount of forethought has gone into choosing the guests for presentation, all members of the Royal family seem to chat freely. They make their way, aided by toy-town yeomen (who actually change guard) from one group to another. "This lot is very well-behaved," one yeoman said over his ruff. "Sometimes they can be uncontrollable."

The main interest lies around the tea tent, outside which a row of waitresses stand to attention. Lyons are in charge of the catering for the ordinary guests, and for the diplomatic tea tent. The Queen's catering is dealt with by the Royal Household.

Lyons spend five months preparing for the garden parties, carefully choosing the "right

COOKERY

WHAT I LEARNED FROM CHEZ LÉON

By MARIKA HANBURY TENISON

MOST of us collect something. As a writer about food, I collect recipes, for all courses, from all countries, and to meet all occasions. Sometimes I come across some unexpected gem which is as exciting to me as finding an old master in a junk shop is to an art collector.

Recently I came across one such gem in a quiet back street in Truro. News had reached me that it would be worth my while visiting a new restaurant there called Chez Léon which had been opened by a husband and wife team.

At first sight Chez Léon was not over prepossessing. The upstairs restaurant with a few fornicia-topped tables, was reached through a side door set beside a boutique; the small crowded room had the air of an old-fashioned tea room rather than a first-class restaurant.

My spirits rose, however, when I looked at the menu for the day. The choice was

not extensive, but the items each sounded so delicious that I had a hard time making up my mind between the various dishes. After a fish soup made from freshly caught local fish, tomatoes, garlic and a few other subtly blended ingredients, followed by a steak chasseur cooked to a mouth-watering perfection, I was happily convinced that Chez Léon, like those world famous restaurants in France, has built up its reputation through the standard of its food and not of its surroundings.

I finished my meal with a sweet invented by the proprietor and chef, Monsieur Rapoport: a light airy, ice cold concoction which I considered a masterpiece.

He called his masterpiece Biscuit Amandine and was kind enough to give me the recipe.

Biscuit Amandine (6 portions)
3 oz. blanched split almonds.
2 egg whites, 4 oz. sugar.

1 gill water, 1/2 pint cream.
4 tablespoons Marsala.
Roast almonds on a baking sheet in a hot oven until dark golden brown. Leave to cool and crush into small crumbs with a rolling pin.

Combine sugar and water in a saucepan, bring to the boil until sugar reaches the crack stage—300F. or when drops of the syrup put into cold water form a hard thread.

Whip egg whites until stiff and gradually beat in the hot syrup; leave to cool.

Whip cream until thick. Reserve some of the crushed almonds for decoration and fold the rest with the cream and Marsala into the egg white mixture. Turn into six small dishes and freeze until solid in the ice-making compartment of a refrigerator. The Biscuits Amandines should be taken from the refrigerator for a short time before serving as they should be iced but

not rock-hard when eaten. ANOTHER sweet I came across recently impressed me because of its exotic appearance, which completely belied the simplicity with which it was made. Now that strawberries have dropped in price to a realistic level this exotic gâteau cannot be anything but an outright winner.

Strawberry Cream Gâteau

Puff pastry is such a time consuming thing to make oneself that I have no compunction in buying a frozen variety and I defy anyone to tell the difference.

1 lb. puff pastry, 1/2 pint cream, 2 oz. caster sugar, 2 drops vanilla essence, 1 lb. strawberries (hulled and sliced), icing sugar.

Roll pastry out very thinly and cut into three circles about 8in. in diameter. Brush the surface of each with a little water and sprinkle over a very thin dusting of caster sugar. Place them on a dampened baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (400F. Reg. 8) for 5-10 minutes until well risen and golden brown. Leave to cool on

the baking sheet and then split each circle carefully in two with a long sharp knife.

Whip cream until stiff and mix in the sugar and vanilla essence. Spread pastry circles with whipped cream, cover with strawberries and sandwich layers neatly together. Sift a little icing sugar over the top and chill in a refrigerator until ready to serve.

SIMPLICITY is so often the essence of good food and the following recipe for a quick fruit sweet combines both simplicity and a fresh, unusual flavour.

Highland Fling (4 servings)

4 fresh peaches, juice of 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons whisky, 1 pint cream.

Peel peaches and cut into thin slices. Arrange them in four glasses or goblets.

Combine lemon juice and honey in a saucepan and heat gently, stirring well, until honey is melted. Add whisky and pour over the peaches. Leave until cold and top with whipped cream.

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CONCIERGE CHIEF

By CHARLES CURRAN

MY wife makes good soup—but I miss her, all the same. So said the cannibal chief at dinner. Lord Butler quotes that jest in *The Art of the Possible*. It sums up the book. For this autobiography exhibits him as the wife, and the Tory party as the cannibal chief.

Rab, as we go on calling him, is the greatest Prime Minister *manqué* in our history. Why did he fail to reach the top? His account of his life, a piercing piece of self-analysis, supplies the answer. Like Mary Queen of Scots, his end was his beginning.

When you look at England, and Keynes, you see that ever since the Middle Ages a few families have produced eminent men out of all proportion to their numbers. Rab came from such a family. His ancestors were country gentlemen with a hereditary strain of mental ability. Over several centuries, they bred University prize-men, heads of Cambridge colleges, public school headmasters. Members of Parliament, procurators for our Indian Empire.

Rab was born in India in 1902. His father and uncle were Provincial Governors there. He grew up in their world. It was a world of educated autocrats, benevolent paternalists with a sense of mission; cool, responsible men governing for the good of the governed. It planted in him the ambition to become Viceroy. Non-familial in that dream, he confesses, "can still give me the sharpest of pangs."

His Indian childhood marked Rab for life. It broke that physicality; for he did his right arm when thrown from a horse,

The Art of the Possible

By LORD BUTLER. Hamish Hamilton, £3.75.

never recovered full use of it, and could not play games. It did so psychologically, too. For it conditioned the boy who went on to Marlborough, to Cambridge (where he collected Firsts in French, History, and International Law), and into Parliament at 26. He was an M.P. for 36 years.

Reading Rab, you see that his Toryism was the product of his family. He derives them with proud pietas. From them he inherited two basic beliefs: the need to keep things going, and the need to do that with due regard to the feelings, the prejudices and the irrationality of the voters.

Those beliefs were his ancestors' working creed. Armed with that, dead generations of Butlers had helped to steer England through the storms of history, to preserve the Pax Britannica over palm and pine. Armed with that, their descendant carved a career in the House of Commons.

Rab charts it in his book. He was Under-Secretary for India 1932-1937, Junior Minister of Labour 1937-38, Foreign Under-Secretary 1938-41, Education Minister 1941-45. From 1945 to 1951 he directed the intellectual renaissance of post-war Toryism. From 1951 to 1964 he sat in Tory Cabinets. At every stage, and in every job, he put his beliefs into practice. He strove to keep things going.

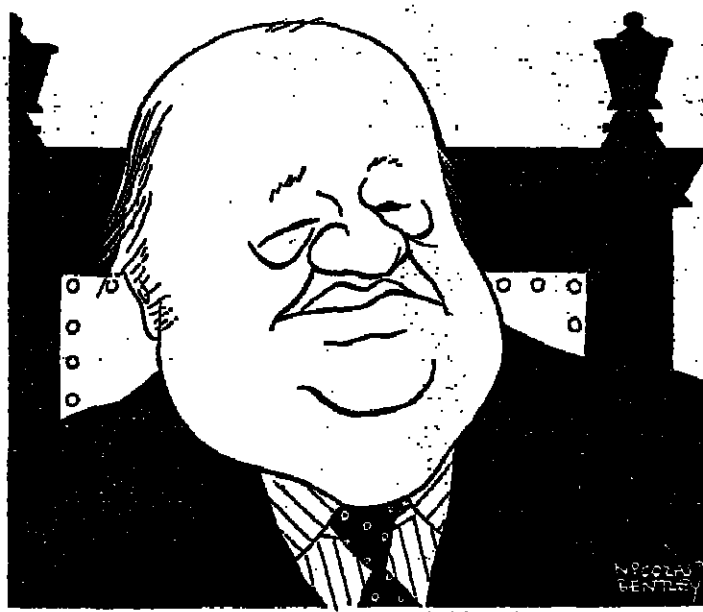
He was the perpetual caretaker, the concierge with a conscience. He wanted to look after the tenants, prevent them

from quarrelling, help them to live as happily as their limitations would allow them to do. He wanted, also, to give them an ethos for all this; and he saw the Tory party as the delivery van.

To keep things going, here and in the outside world, Rab felt in his bones that this was the most that reasonable men could hope for. As a pre-1939 Minister, he was for appeasing Hitler. Privately, no doubt, he thought that one was a fanatic, and the other a lunatic. Still, there they were. Calling them names would not make them vanish. Better try, therefore, to stop them from cutting loose, and doing harm to England.

Studying Rab's apology, you detect a resemblance between him and an earlier English statesman. This is the 17th-century Lord Halifax, the great Parliamentarian virtuoso who christened himself *The Trimmer*. Halifax laid it down that "positive decisions are always dangerous—especially in politics." Rab might well say ditto. For then he held the ace of trumps. He had only to insist on the succession, to refuse to serve under anyone else, and the prize was his.

He names the Ministers who urged him to stand firm: Macleod, Powell, Mandell, Brooke, Erroll, Boyd-Carpenter, Boyle. He describes Redmayne, the Tory Chief Whip, telling him the will to manage, but not the will to conquer. He declines to go for broke.



RAB BUTLER
Apologia for a "Trimmer"

Twice in his career, Rab shrank back. He did that in 1937 when Eden resigned after Suez. He did it again in 1963, when Macmillan resigned. Each time he stood within reach of the Premiership. Each time he failed to grasp it. He relates both episodes in revelatory detail.

His account of 1963 is loaded with ruefulness. You see him trying to purge his mind of painful, tormenting memories. For then he held the ace of trumps. He had only to insist on the succession, to refuse to serve under anyone else, and the prize was his.

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Redmayne, I think, was right. As a Tory M.P. at the time, I believed that Rab was our best choice as vote-getter, but that the vote groups inside the party were too strong for him to overcome. They felt about him as Gladstone did about the mule in Sicily.

"I have been on the back of the beast for many scores of hours. It has rendered me much valuable service. Yet I cannot get up the smallest shred of feeling for it. I can neither love it nor like it."

Given Rab's inheritance, this feeling was inevitable. Useful as he is, a Trimmer cannot have magnetism. The attributes that make him valuable, dear him from the summit. His party zealots react to him like Roy Campbell: looking at South Africa's novelists. They say: "We see the snaffle and the all right. But where's the bloody horse?"

THE KING'S PERSON

By DAVID MATHEW

THE rather disorganised presentation of this account of the last four years of the reign of Henry VIII, together with Lacey Baldwin Smith's plum-cake style, do something to conceal from the reader the massive research which the author has given to this detailed account of King Henry's personal character.

It is clearly the result of a very wide examination of the sources and of years of consideration of the subject. The search for the springs of the royal character go back to the beginnings of the reign. The relations between King Henry and the Emperor and the King of France are dealt with faithfully.

The King's attitude to religion, although Prof. Baldwin Smith realises its great importance, is dealt with in a less convincing fashion. This is the result of a certain carefree approach to the central doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome.

As an example of his attitude, Prof. Baldwin has published a "20th century" note that Tudor priests in and out of the confessional were state spies. On the other hand, the author makes a good point in stressing

Henry VIII: The Mask of Royalty by LACEY BALDWIN SMITH. Cape, £2.95.

the King's attachment to the Book of Leviticus.

The account of the King's health is exact and valuable. The author makes the interesting statement that the explicit suggestion that King Henry suffered from syphilis cannot be traced further back than 1898.

A passage dealing with the Court will convey the quality of this book. "As a dwelling to house the royal family," writes Prof. Baldwin Smith:

"the court is fairly easy to compute. It consists of the Privy Chamber, that inner layer of service closest to the sovereign, numbering in the neighbourhood of 20 individuals, but this figure does not include the King's physicians, surgeons and apothecaries, his messengers, minstrels and musicians, his nine cup-bearers, carvers and servers, his four squires of the body, his 50 gentlemen pensioners, or the 80 yeomen who guard his rooms."

He then goes on to a meticulous account of the master cooks and their 33 children of the kitchen, the feather-maker, the

King's fool, the librarian, the yeomen and sergeants of the palace, not to mention the hunter and other hunters.

Every writer on this subject is bound to have in some manner a difference of approach and it appears to this reviewer that Prof. Baldwin Smith is inclined to underestimate the deep quality of respect which 16th-century kings inspired in the whole body of their subjects. The account which this author gives of the King's approach to his testamentary dispositions is very interesting.

The actual mistakes in this book are very few. Prof. Baldwin Smith has repeated the mistake that he made in his biography of Catherine Howard in placing the Duchess of Norfolk's house at Horsham in Sussex instead of at Horsham St Faith outside Norwich. He refers to Lord Beryvenant and he makes five references to Mr. Cossu instead of the viceroy of Naples. These are all quite unimportant. This book is indispensable reading for anyone who has an interest in King Henry's character.

Kidnappers' country

By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

SARDINIA is mountainous, poor in natural resources and underpopulated. One form of employment open to young men is kidnapping others and holding them until their well-to-do families have paid up as much as they can and will. It seems a dismal occupation, but in recent years it has grown, and there is evidently a kidnappers' union.

Antonio Cossu is a sociologist, employed as a regional planning officer, and has published a novel. In *The Sardinian Hostage*, he describes ten journeys he made, in a hired car, in November 1968, driving the brother of a kidnaper victim from Cagliari to the interior to meet masked gunmen. They give these what money

The Sardinian Hostage by ANTONIO COSSU. Bodley Head, £1.50.

has already been raised, argue about how much more is possible, receive messages and orders for the next meeting. The initial demand cannot be met. Finally, a rate for the job is agreed, and the victim is released within an area which has to be searched.

There is no violence, no personal animosity. Mr. Cossu and his companion are as nervous of the police as of the bandits. The police know what is going on and have been told to use tact.

The fear is that they may suddenly feel that they can act or that visible contact with them will make the bandits suspicious and that they may result in a shooting match or hurried flight and the death of the kidnapped

youth, who in general has been treated well.

The effect of all this is very strange indeed and the book has a flavour all its own, some of the excellent translator, Isabel Quigly, must have been lost in translation, since it involves Sardinian dialect. Despite his mistakes, Mr. Cossu spares us facile sociologising.

Criminologically, we may say that abduction and illegal restraint will result in panic and murder unless the victim is removed to an underpopulated region and kept there by natives of that region. The Sardinian kidnappers could not have got away with it anywhere in the United Kingdom.

DESTINATION PARADISE

By WILLIAM WOODS

TWO offerings, two travellers' tales, one a professional's with a rare eye for the important.

Peter O'Connor is a Cambridge undergraduate who went off to Rumania with a fiddle, a tape recorder and several pairs of stocking ties (glass beads) for the natives, and *Walking Good* is the story of his search for real gypsy music. For there is, he says, a music peculiar to the Rumanian people which I heard as a child, which has only been a feeling with me since.

Bartok and Kodaly could have told him he was wrong. His feeling was a child's feeling of delight, and "Walking Good" is actively charming and almost childlike little book. The author must have found out for himself how nearly impossible it is to put heard music into words. But the air smelled wet and green, and he says of an afternoon in Pitești, and for two utterly delightful pages he talks about crickets in the Hortobagy twi-

light. People must have liked him out in Rumania.

Patrick Marham's *Road to Katmandu* is, of course, the hippie road, the dropout road, the road to paradise so many have travelled as "spirit priests in search of a church. And if we want to leave, he asks some what wistfully, will the authorities refund our lives?"

Mr. Marham's travellers he accompanied as a reporter have no motivation for any action except that of an unpredictably turning tide in the mind. But he, himself, has an ear—and what an ear!—for architecture and language. Watch how he builds a life story in four sentences. They meet:

"an oldish man, French, and he said he was looking for his

daughter. He had come to Katmandu all the way from Valenciennes to find her and take her home. He had said that he was looking for his daughter and now she would not come. He showed that the conversation came to a dead end and sat by the side of the road and wept."

One wants to quote and quote. There were dust, heat, hunger, officialdom that "took our time and toyed with it." But at the end of the voyage to what in childhood they had always promised themselves, at least one of the travellers found that "the same defeated face was in the mirror, the same filthy and language. Watch how he builds a life story in four sentences. They meet:

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Shell Book of
**EXPLORING
BRITAIN**
by Garry Hogg

This is the book for the touring motorist who is tired of the usual progress of most holiday travel. In 1970 Garry Hogg car-travelled 9000 miles, the length and breadth of Britain, rediscovering the off-the-beaten-track, but accessible, places of our towns and countryside. A profusion of colour and monochrome illustrations and the expected Shell quality. Bargain value indeed. £1.85. At all bookshops. John Baker 5 Royal Opera Arcade, Pall Mall, London, SW1.

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PAST POSITIVE

By DUFF HART-DAVIS



Bronze lion, a Sumerian temple guardian nearly 4,000 years old. From the generously illustrated "In Search of Lost Worlds" (Hamlyn, £2.75), by Henri-Paul Eyraud, translated by Lorna Andrade. The book provides a readable history for laymen of some of the great archaeological discoveries of the Near East and eastern Mediterranean.

NEAR the beginning of *The Pleasures of Archaeology* (Deutsch, £5.25) Karl E. Meyer advances an ingenious theory to explain why delving into the past has become so popular. Time, he suggests, has replaced space as our terrestrial frontier: the blank spots on the map having been filled in, interest has apparently been transferred "from the explore of places to the explorer of the past."

This certainly makes sense; and visitors to the past could have no more attractive a guide than Mr. Meyer. A distinguished American journalist, erudite, witty and widely read, he writes with unflagging enthusiasm, ranging all over the world through the countries to which his job has taken him.

In *Complete and Modern Picnic*, in Troy and Masada, in Rome, Saqqara and a dozen other sites, he finds things that amuse and stir him. This is no comprehensive guide-book, but a selective history of stimulating facts and memories.

Unless one regularly reads a mass of learned journals, one is apt to miss new finds, the majority of which go unreported in the general press. For this reason alone *Edward Bacon's Archaeology: Discoveries in the 1960s* (Cassell, £5.50) is extremely valuable.

A clear and comprehensive summary of the main events of the past decade, it covers not only the work done on well-known sites in Italy, Greece and Turkey, but also events in Russia, Mongolia and Central Africa. Among his mass of information are many curious details—not least those of the value cult at Catal Hüyük, in Turkey.

Nearly 9,000 years ago, some strange culture-rite took place there. Either the bodies of the dead were exposed, so that the flesh would be stripped off by birds and beasts or humans dressed as vultures for some religious ritual. The puzzle is one of many by which Mr. Bacon leaves the reader pleasantly tantalised.

Another of the places he surveys is Sybaris, a Greek colony in southern Italy which flourished with such extra-

gance between 720 and 510 B.C. that its inhabitants' name was given to us as a symbol for luxury. In *Search for Sybaris* (Dent, £2.75), Orville H. Bullitt describes in a leisurely fashion how the weapons of modern archaeology were used to locate the ancient city.

The principal instrument was a proton magnetometer, which can detect bricks, potsherds and metal at considerable distances beneath ground level.

Such are the difficulties of excavation—every hole dug immediately fills with water—that the discoveries have so far been less interesting than the exploration itself. But the identity of the site has been established beyond question, and one day it may yield riches on the scale of Troy or Mycenae.

Nearer home, Fishbourne (Thames & Hudson, £4.50; paperback, £2.10), a detailed and well-illustrated account of the great Roman palace and garden discovered during the 1960s near Chichester. The author, Barry Cunliffe, directed the dig for many years and gives an excellent idea not only of what the palace must have been like during the Roman occupation, but also of how it gradually came to light.

Vergerily by Alexander G. McKay (Adams & Dart, £5.50) offers a slow, scholarly journey, rich in quotation and anecdote, through the countryside which the great poet knew; and in *Julian and Theodora* (Weidenfeld, £4), Robert Browning has written a lively biography of the man who ruled the straggling Roman Empire for nearly 40 years (A.D. 324-63). Certainly, Mr. McKay is as different from other writers as Venice, even if, unlike Venice, it regularly appeals the visitor, conditioned by older concepts of

MUCK RAKING

By CHRISTOPHER WILSON

THE word *Coprophilia*, the title of Terence McLaughlin's book (Cassell, £2.10), invites several interpretations. Mr. McLaughlin takes the opportunity to investigate all its possible aspects—the mildest of which, with luck, may just stop short of turning the reader's stomach. For here is the history of dirt, from pollution to poison and from flatulence to fetishism.

Take, if you dare, the zeal of St. Jerome's followers who, with unparalleled asceticism, would invite certain death by washing the feet of lepers with their hair. St. Hugh of Lincoln, a later enthusiast, would embrace the afflicted longingly and without reserve.

More universally abhorrent was the rise of the water-closet manufacturer who, having patented his invention, chose to ignore the extra burden on the

ROMANCING AT SECOND HAND

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

C. B. H. KITCHIN, A Short Walk in Williams Park. Chatto, £1.50.

JANICE ELLIOTT, A State of Peace. Hodder, £2.10.

FRANK NORMAN, Dodger-Greaser. Hodder, £1.75.

CHARLES HALDEMAN, Teagarden's Gang. Cape, £2.50.

SHEILA ROSS, A Log Across the Road. Collins, £2.25.

THE narrator of *A Short Walk in Williams Park* lives near Kensington Gardens, but prefers to wander farther afield. The London parks are his obsession. Sometimes he goes north to Clissold and Emsbury, sometimes due east to Bethnal Green. Waterlow on Highgate Hill is his favourite.

Then he finds a rival south of the river—one with a lake, a Gothic bandstand and a fine statue of William IV. It has an air of "down-at-heel gentility struggling against destitution."

Much of this is autobiography. The late C. B. H. Kitchin published 14 novels, and was a keen walker and botanist. At Oxford, before the first world war, he read Classics and was hard to fault on the Latin name of any plant. Later, he became a member of the Bar and next of the Stock Exchange. During the second world war, he taught at a school. "Everything by starts and nothing long," was his own summation of his career.

In London it was his habit, he arrived early at a friend's house to kill time by exploring the nearest park, and it was on a visit to Francis King (whom he subsequently appointed to be his literary executor) that the idea for the present book came to him during a short walk in a park near Clissold. The manuscript lay amongst his papers. The tale it offers is a haunting one told with wit, grace and distinction.

The teller is Mr. Norton, a semi-retired partner in a firm of spice importers, who has reached the age when he likes to view romance at second-hand. Inquisitive by nature, he has always found eavesdropping a temptation. He only goes into his office now and again and one summer's afternoon, sitting on a deckchair in Williams Park, he overhears a conversation between two lovers.

Slowly he becomes involved in their affairs, meeting first the girl and next Edward Barnes and his wife. When a wealthy cousin of Mrs. Barnes dies unexpectedly, police suspect her husband of poisoning, and Mr. Norton decides to attend the inquest.

His comments on the proceedings in court show what a

brilliant barrister he could have been. In fact, like the author of "A Short Walk in Williams Park," Mr. Norton emerges as a "romanticist" man who could have followed many professions, but whose chief roles here are confined to being a detective, a go-between and a Prospero. L. P. Hartley contributes the foreword.

Janice Elliott's new novel is set in London immediately after the last war. Calling it *A State of Peace*, she remarks on the second page that "there was no sign in the quiet streets of peace having been won." Instead, a general feeling of uneasiness clings to the capital and the problem is facing the book's characters is one of adapting to a rapidly changing society.

Mrs. Armitage, in her late fifties, refuses to do so. Blindly Tory and middle class in her allegiances, she sees parliament now as a place of the Red Flag is sung. When her son tells her she should distinguish between Socialists and Communists, she replies: "I don't think I shall very much care to live in this world."

Between her two daughters and herself exists a love-hate relationship. There are step-sisters, and Catherine, who is the younger and painfully conscious of her large body, is the more vulnerable: her father deserted her mother when she was a child and it has left its mark. Her breakdown comes as no surprise.

Oliver is made of sturdier stuff and gets drawn into politics—what are best described as "home-front politics," and in this instance are concerned with squatters' rights. The scene is set in a small house with a garden and a few cats. Oliver, who has a household goods took over some luxury blocks of flats on Camden Hill is vividly recreated. Oliver is put in charge by "The Party" of seeing that everyone has food and water. On another occasion, she wonders "why they referred to it as The Party, as if it were the only one."

"A State of Peace" is Miss Elliott's eighth novel and her most impressive. It is beautifully phrased and, at times, most moving. There is also one glorious moment when she gives her fancy full rein, suggesting that in the entrails of every

natural sixth sense with patients totally lacked sentimentality. There are grounds for suspecting some strands of her personality with George Orwell's *Animal Farm* in 1982 when they suddenly see a log across the road. Is it a booby-trap set up by terrorists? A Log Across the Road is Sheila Ross's story-point for an excursion into their lives and what brought them together—an excursion that encompasses the Battle of Britain, the fall of Singapore, the Nazi invasion of Europe and the Japanese prison camps.

Frequently a form of self-loathing is used: "I am Donald Thom, sergeant, Canadian Army, but Scottish by ancestry."

An undertaking of such magnitude is pedestrian. A case of industry rather than artistry, it is not to start people laughing but to make them keep it up. Before I was half way, I was yawning.

Ten men of seven different nationalities are driving through the London jungle in 1982 when they suddenly see a log across the road. Is it a booby-trap set up by terrorists? A Log Across the Road is Sheila Ross's story-point for an excursion into their lives and what brought them together—an excursion that encompasses the Battle of Britain, the fall of Singapore, the Nazi invasion of Europe and the Japanese prison camps.

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Crusader for the poor

By JULIET CLOUGH

Sister Dora by JO MANTON. Methuen, £3.75.

THE life of Dorothy Pattison reads like a Victorian romance of the most gothic order. The second last of 11 rectory children, brought up in remotest Yorkshire, she and her nine sisters endured a family life of exceptional privation and misery.

Their mother was Evangelical and downtrodden, their father melancholy mad. The eldest son, Mark, the arid schoolmaster of Lincoln College, was virtually their only contact with the outside world. Mark's temporary affiliation with the Oxford Movement was to have the most profound effect on his emotionally starved sisters; their fervour for the new Church rectory to the most terrifying of his paranoid furies and the youngest children "were fought and re-fought over like some devastated village in the wars of religion."

From this wilderness, made bearable only by her genuine pleasure in nursing the family's mental and physical casualties, Dorothy eventually escaped in 1882 at the age of 30 to learn nursing and self-discipline at one of the pioneer Anglican sisterhoods near Middlesbrough. From Coatham she was sent to a cottage hospital in Walsall, where she became a legendary figure for her calm and selfless onslaughts of fire and steel on the epidemic among the Black Country labourers.

Visitors were later to come from all over the world to see in action her revolutionary innovations in hygiene, artificial respiration, the practice of allowing patients to eat in their wards, minor surgery, nursing training and many other things. Sister Dora was fascinating, beautiful and wayward. Her piety and her almost super-

natural sixth sense with patients totally lacked sentimentality. There are grounds for suspecting some strands of her personality with George Orwell's *Animal Farm* in 1982 when they suddenly see a log across the road. Is it a booby-trap set up by terrorists? A Log Across the Road is Sheila Ross's story-point for an excursion into their lives and what brought them together—an excursion that encompasses the Battle of Britain, the fall of Singapore, the Nazi invasion of Europe and the Japanese prison camps.

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AT HOME IN AUTOPIA

By J. W. M. THOMPSON

Los Angeles: The Architecture of Four Ecologies by REYNER BANHAM. A.L.P.P., £2.50.

urbankity and scale. But Dr. Banham is no ordinary visitor. He was, so to speak, hooked on American pop-commercial culture before he arrived. So he loves the place, with its obsession with total mobility, its amazing proliferation of architectural idioms, and its undimmed self-confidence in pursuit of its own peculiar version of the good life.

The four ecologies he defines are Sunburbia, those beach communities which make L.A. "the greatest City-on-the-Shore in the world"; the Footbills, which provide perhaps the ultimate in suburban escape; the Plains of Id, his apt term for that flat, grid-patterned heart of the city which most distresses visitors unaccustomed to Los Angeles living; and Autopia, the breath-taking network of motorways which has now merged in the commercial landscape as a comprehensible place, its equivalent to a car-obsessed population of "the outdoors" in other, older cultures.

Dr. Banham's book is copiously illustrated and his free-ranging, almost style is something in common with his subject. He will cause some second thoughts among the many people who never having seen L.A., think of it as the 20th century's greatest environmental disaster area.

It admirably indicates the favour of the book. In fact, this racy, personal guide to the jungle of American advertising reads as though it might have been written by Papa Hemingway, during some hitherto undisclosed spell of his as an advertisement copywriter.

The author is particularly strong on the fear that endemic in many advertising

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ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

By LIONEL BIRCH

THE title of Jerry Della Femina's book, *From Those Wonderful Days Who Gave You Pearl Harbour* (Pitman, £1.50), echoes the author's flip offering to an advertising agency, deadlocked in its quest for a headline to advertise a Japanese electronics account.

It admirably indicates the favour of the book. In fact, this racy, personal guide to the jungle of American advertising reads as though it might have been written by Papa Hemingway, during some hitherto undisclosed spell of his as an advertisement copywriter.

The author is particularly strong on the fear that endemic in many advertising

agencies: collective fear of losing an account, individual fear of redundancy. And he is deadly about the agency "killers"—the hatchet men who specialise in handling the fringes:

"Sometimes, when an agency starts going downhill, the killers are so busy they can hardly keep up with the work. At such times: "Doors are kept closed all day long. Everybody has their door closed. The account guys don't come out in the hall. That's where the shrapnel is. Yes, Papa. The guide covers not only the good guys and the great guys of American advertising, but also the famed, the drinks, the penguins and the weirdos. All sub-human life is here."



JANICE ELLIOTT
Home-front politics

great hospital there is a man employed to stoke the boilers, so that the right buds of winter flowers may burst, have their hour, and die—all in the same day.

Frank Norman was brought up in a Barnardo's Home, but when he was 16 joined a travelling fair. Dodger-Greaser, his flamboyant memoirs of this time, are presented with punch and a nice reliance on rhyming anecdote ("Duke of Kent...rene" etc).

One horrifying account of a sideshow recalls Mayhem. The specialty of Count Altkisska, a rascal and swindler, was a finish his act by biting off the head of a live rat. Less than 2 years ago he was still touring.

Captions, like news flashes, break up the text of

Mandrake

Bernadette and the jinx on Mid-Ulster

Gold in them Bills

Rebecca West on

THE GREATEST POLITICAL NOVEL



Marcel Proust... unafraid to commit himself

IN all the song and dance about Bernadette's baby last week, everybody forgot her constituency, which is precisely what everybody seemed to do before she became its youthful M.P. at Westminster. Political tacticians, of which Ireland has an abundance, think the seat is jinxed, and that view will get a wider currency if she doesn't survive the next election.

But pause, a moment, for another Irish conundrum, before looking at Mid-Ulster. The question of the survival of Miss Devlin is not confined to her pregnancy. She might not have survived anyway because she is the nominee of a local committee calling itself a Unity group which is prone to split. Even if it doesn't, it can fail at any time to achieve its real purpose, that of persuading others to stand, which is a rather shaky proposition.

She survived such a mishap last year, when another anti-Unionist candidate joined the fray after announcing to friends that she was "not a fit person" in his view. But in order to fit the prevailing moods in Mid-Ulster of the old nationalism and the new young Left, he called himself National Socialist. Mid-Ulster's laughter could be heard in Germany, and he got 150 votes.

Bernadette's seat is a year younger than herself and was first cut out of a huge rural swathe of Northern Ireland in 1948. In the 1951 General Election it was won by one Michael O'Neill, an Irish Nationalist, who as a matter of official Irish Nationalist policy did not attend Westminster; for a long time in those years they absented themselves from Stormont, too—a self-defeating form of opposition. Later, there was the case of the Unionist Charles Beattie, a conscientious farmer who, after twice failing to defeat a gaolied I.R.A. man at the polls, had himself declared the Member.

This triumph was brief. One of these pundits in the murder courts of England, jurisprudence pointed out that he was a member of a National Insurance Appeals Tribunal on the day of his nomination, which was "an office of profit under the Crown," and he was accordingly disqualified.

From then on, the Mid-Ulster electoral situation degenerated into farce. The Ulster Unionists refused in 1956 to have anything to do with the seat, despite the pleadings of an auctioneer called George Forrest to be allowed to be their candidate.

At the same time, Roman Catholic Church leaders castigated the faithful for supporting terrorists at the polls. Re-enter their white (Nationalist) knight, Michael O'Neill himself again, carrying the banner of the Anti-Partition League.

Whereupon the unabashed George Forrest had himself nominated Unofficial Unionist candidate; he won, and the party hastily adopted him. Did Mid-Ulster at last have a sitting Member?

Well, of a sort. Eight years later the beady eye of a London political columnist fell on him with the observation that "his was the least familiar face in the Commons... he rarely votes."

But what had brought George hot-foot to London on that occasion? It was the Commons reading of the Archbishop of Canterbury's liberalising Vestments Bill. Truly, those were the days of Protestant angst in Ulster.

The farce may now be seen to approach tragedy. Many of Bernadette's supporters think she has moved too far Left since 1948, in the 1951 General Election it was won by one Michael O'Neill, an Irish Nationalist, who as a matter of official Irish Nationalist policy did not attend Westminster; for a long time in those years they absented themselves from Stormont, too—a self-defeating form of opposition. Later, there was the case of the Unionist Charles Beattie, a conscientious farmer who, after twice failing to defeat a gaolied I.R.A. man at the polls, had himself declared the Member.

HUGH SCANLON wouldn't dream of discussing the Industrial Relations Bill with Employment Secretary Robert Carr round at Mr. Carr's office in St. James's Square. But the two came face to face a week ago at the Industrial Society's latest seminar at the Royal Lancaster Hotel before an audience of 600 businessmen paying £25 each for the privilege of a ring-side seat.

And Jack Jones and the Duke of Edinburgh, two people who are not automatically in the public mind, got together last autumn at another seminar to pool their ideas on "Involvement at Work."

Seminars have become big business, and organisations like the Industrial Society (which provides training and advisory services aimed at developing a humane approach to industrial relations) and the British Institute of Management depend for much of their income on their ability to think up ideas which will persuade businessmen to take a day off to listen to experts discuss the problems they have left behind at the office.

A number of consultancy firms got into the act, and personnel managers could, if they had nothing else to do, spend most of their lives at seminars.

Lately, however, the boom in the seminar business has shown signs of going bust. The general economic climate makes firms more reluctant to send their men to seminars, and some industrial training boards have adopted a tougher attitude towards contributing to the cost, and executives feel insecure if they are away from base too often. The latest vogue, in fact, is case-study training, with mini-seminars designed to meet a particular company's problems and difficulties.

Things would have been much worse had it not been for the Industrial Relations Bill, which has cemented many a business for trade union leaders (management speakers often receive only a small fee or, in the case of the Industrial Society, a book token). One seminar organiser said to Mandrake, "I don't know where the money is, but it's been the biggest money-spinner ever, but it can't last for ever. And we don't think the Commons Market, which is the next big seminar subject, will do nearly so well."

FEW writers of genius have faced more handicaps than Marcel Proust in establishing themselves in the literary world. On the plane where the commemoration of their 100th birthday is really a cause for many to feel gratitude and the renewal of long-standing pleasure and a sense of respectful wonder.

As his great work, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" was of enormous length, he was obliged to publish it in parts, otherwise his contemporaries would have assumed that he had ceased to function as a writer; and that would have drawn his lifeblood.

For it was only by his writing that he could prove that he was not the worthless son of the superb Dr. Proust, who was not only a distinguished member of his profession but was also a hero, the sworn foe of cholera.

Marcel Proust was not the defeated neurotic who is presented in the narrative of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu"—they differed in the most important respect of all, for the narrator was an idler and Proust worked and studied indefatigably all his life. But both were typical children of famous fathers, tortured into the neurosis of asthma by a sense of inadequacy.

Disciplined

Because Proust had to prove he was doing something, he published his great work in separate parts and thereby disguised his character. It seemed to lack unity.

It is in fact a highly disciplined work, subordinated from first to last by its theme, and the theme itself is one that has engaged the finest minds ever since communities have settled down into cultures.

Proust asked himself how far a man of his sort (that is to say, a highly educated man) born in his time, could live a life satisfying his moral and intellectual standards, in the face of the limitations imposed on him by his own nature and by the society of which he was a member. This is far better than an original theme; it is a theme to which writers can bring their originality.

His power of observation was remorseless. Occasionally one is left in a room alone and finds oneself being scanned by a silent cut-off from a place of advantage, such as the shadow under the sofa. It would be a like ordeal to be observed by Marcel Proust, unless he had decided to love one, when he was as kind as the angels.

He had also a retentive memory. He knew an artist must remember, which is by changing his memories to serve his theme.

He possessed an uproarious sense of humour. He could not only write comedy, he could write farces. It was his delight to write descriptive prose which described not his reactions to the described object, but the object itself.

He was unhampered by French conventions of decency (which were as strict in France as in England, though of a different nature) and he felt no fear of admitting to the simpler emotions, such as his love for his mother, which might have been despised by some of his contemporaries.

Shameless

These glittering qualities attracted attention as the separate volumes appeared, and during this period Proust was regarded as one of the few people whose power of total recall was an asset and not a liability, and this was thought to be in great part the result of his shameless exposure of the sexual proclivities of his friends.

Actually the sexual passages in the "Temps Perdu" comprise an attack on sex—in the form of heterosexuality or homosexuality—which has only been exceeded by some of the early Christians.

Swann's sexual nature, with its fierce sexual urge, as the perpetual betrayer of man's nobler qualities, Swann is Proust's ideal man, the cultured and civilised Jew, who makes exquisite use of his wealth to develop his aesthetic and his moral sensibility, and whose function is to go to the end.

But he wastes years of his life in slavery to the courtesan Odette de Crécy, who talks continually and says nothing, who makes love continually and cannot love, and has no attributes, only militant stupidity and a shrewdness as utilitarian as an umbrella. At the same time pursuing endless empty-headed young men turns the great aristocrat, Monsieur de Charlus, into a sinister clown.

Proust attacked sex as if he were an anchorite, which most certainly he was not, and he attacked the class system as though he were a Socialist, though his political interests did not extend outside the sphere of the Dreyfus case (in which he played a much more active and creditable part than appears in the "Temps Perdu").

Marcel Proust, born 100 years ago yesterday, made a life's work of his monumental masterpiece, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu", published in 16 volumes over a span of 15 years. Dame Rebecca West writes a centenary tribute to the author and to his personal vision of life made meaningful by the passage of time

the same conditions in his England. For some reason Proust differed from Trollope in paying little attention to the rise of the wealthy industrialist, but he was as fully preoccupied with the aristocracy.

Of aristocrats he had high hopes when he was a child. Though he came of the bourgeoisie, he lived in a dispirited world where aristocratic families had their homes, and from boyhood he saw them in the street, people who bore the fairy-tale titles of prince and princess, duke and duchess, and territorial names which recalled famous castles and forests.

In their grace and their way of dressing and their good manners they seemed to match their possessions, and he formed the hope that, having been given the best from birth, they might have responded by becoming the best of humanity.

But when the narrator succeeds, after a long and often comic campaign, in breaking into the closed world of the aristocracy, he finds that privilege begets spoiled children. Just how spoiled is told, so far as personal relationships are concerned, in the famous scene when Charles Swann sits talking to the Duke and Duchess of Guermantes, while the two wait for their carriage to take them to a dinner-party, and is forced by a turn in the conversation to tell them he is a dying man.

He is their old and close friend, but they cannot spare five minutes to comfort him. They cannot keep the dinner-party waiting. But they can keep the dinner-party waiting, if there is a sufficient cause; and cause there is when the Duchess is discovered to be wearing the wrong shoes and goes up to her room to change them. We feel the desolation of the dying man, already chilled by death, made colder by the coldness of the living.

But the real exposure of the moral perils inherent in privilege comes with the Dreyfus affair, which makes this perhaps the greatest political novel ever written.

Proust was half-Gentile (and his Gentile father was anti-Dreyfusard) and half-Jewish, so he felt both the guilt of the persecutor and the pain of the persecuted.

It is impossible to read this part of the "Temps Perdu" without feeling some suspicion of the human animal. Even had Dreyfus been guilty, it would still have been horrible that people who were convinced of his innocence concealed their convictions rather than run the risk of not being asked to the best parties.

Prophecy

The merits of this part of the book go even deeper than the issues arising out of the Dreyfus case. The anti-Dreyfusards discovered that there was nothing they could do to affect what the State was doing to Dreyfus.

Ultimately (as Proust brilliantly explains) they did save Dreyfus by long-sustained argument which wore down the executive mind. But the pace was too slow when the sufferings of an innocent man were involved.

The situation recalled Rousseau's prophecy that "liberty diminishes the larger the state becomes," since the more fractional the share of authority exercised by the individual the less he can exercise his will.

Trollope rarely sends the mind as far afield as that, and Disraeli never. It is indeed strange that Proust should have published such a serious work of art, which so exhaustively describes the state of man

as the 19th century left him, in circumstances which made many readers think for some years that he was simply a very gifted entertainer, a Cocteau with more stamina.

It is of course true that he had his failures. He often becomes a bore. There is an interminable description of the trees in the Bois de Boulogne which leaves the reader wearily asking, Is Thy servant a dog?

There are also insufferable passages about music. It is to be noted that Stravinsky records that Proust, on the only occasion they ever met, addressed him on the subject of the later Beethoven quartets, which, as Stravinsky notes with some ferocity, were fashionable in Paris at that time.

It is also a pity that Proust indulged in psychological theories seeking to link memory and time and creation, which do not repay study.

Any critic who enlarges on Proust's alleged experiences when eating a madeleine should be suspect. The charm of what is foreign is all too potent, and if any English writer had indulged in similar wanderings when eating a bun he would have been properly disregarded. Nevertheless the achievement is without parallel; and it is to be noted that it could never be repeated in anything like the same form. Even the descriptive writing is of its age. The two famous walks which the narrator took as a child, "Swann's Way" and "Guermantes' Way", are seen with a vision vitalised by the then still novel discoveries of the Impressionists.

The lily-pads on the dark green river had been seen first by Monet. Sisley had walked on the river-bank; the pink hawthorn hedge had been painted by Renoir. When Odette de Crécy sat in her drawing-room in a tea gown which seemed nothing more than a

shower of white or rose petals". Boldini had influenced her choice of it, and the chrysanthemums which surrounded her had come out of a Fantin-Latour flower-painting.

Behind him was a not rejected classic literature which reinforced his own imagination. In his candour in treating homosexuality he was following Balzac, who had hardly troubled to disguise the nature of the passions which animated the convict Vautrin. Here, too, is the source of Proust's vision of homosexuals as a secret society, for Vautrin also worked in the shelter of a secret society.

It was just possible to describe society as it was at the time of the Dreyfus affair. The crisis was easy to convey. The cast of interested characters could just be covered, though even then Proust had to cheat; if he had not left out the industrialists, his canvas would have been crowded indeed.

Any author who tried to do the same for the first or (far worse) second world war would have to make impossible demands on his reader's attention and his own gift; and it is significant that his only serious descendant in the field of English letters, Mr. Anthony Powell, has followed his leader only in respect of one class and mainly in the comic vein.

But Proust's achievement was more than that historic interest. The last scene, which represents a party such as has been given by one or other host all through the work, but now changed by time, is nearly theological; it has the classic air of a vespers in an old French church representing the Last Judgment.

One should perhaps add another characteristic possessed by Proust which late writers are apt to lack. He was not afraid to commit himself to the large, simple, classic emotion.

Mad hatter's party



Burleigh Dixon, sane landlord of Britain's craziest pub

BY dark the bar is empty, dark and quiet. But in the evening the lights and the music are switched on, and the Unique Turkey Cock at Hunsdon. Here, swings into action. At last customers can see what goes on and they are in for a few surprises.

Flashing coloured lights show thousands of cut-out faces staring down from the ceiling while various pieces of nonsense such as a lavatory seat and an organ, jostle in magnificent display for room in the bar.

Not for nothing is the drinking place subtitled Britain's Craziest Pub, and not the least of the surprises for customers is the landlord himself, Burleigh Dixon. Dressed in Harlequin costume and an endless stream of funny hats he makes sure the party spirit keeps flowing.

Mine host has very fixed ideas

as to how his pub should be run. Customers get short shrift if they disregard the rules of his house. But they still come from up to 100 miles away for an evening at the Turkey Cock with Burleigh Dixon, who took over the pub 20 years ago after being invalided out of the Army and spending two years on crutches, the result of a crippling car crash.

Would-be visitors should know that if they arrive in a coach party they will not be allowed in. If they are under 30 and turn up on a motor-cycle, likewise, Gentlemen are not permitted unless accompanied by ladies. Why all the rules that would take away about 90 per cent of most pubs' custom? "Bitter experience," says the man who must see himself as the craziest publican in the land.

Then he smiles, the clown's mask back on his face as he recalls an example. A party of judges, barristers and senior policemen asked to visit one luncheon. Burleigh does not open in the mornings.

"The brewery said, 'Don't be silly, they're important people, and they're coming!'. All right, I said, but I won't be open! 'That was the best day of my life. There were all these top notchers wanting to get into my pub and I wouldn't let them. I mean, apart from me not opening in the morning I couldn't let them in anyway, could I? They were all gentlemen and they didn't have ladies with them.' He roars with laughter again. Rules are rules after all, and sometimes, as Mr. Harcourt once remarked on a famous cricket field, the world is a capital place in which to live.

Two bucks for Warhol

WHATEVER happened to Benito Mussolini's widow? Donna Rachele is alive and well, and desperately trying to sell the fourishing restaurant which she opened nearly a decade ago, near Rimini. The restaurant has gradually become something of a Fascist shrine; and now what has finally turned Donna Rachele out of the restaurant is the way her premises have become a target for Leftist strong-arm boys who flock there for a punch-up instead of a nosh-up. They feel provoked, apparently, by Donna Rachele's nostalgic food menu, which features such regular specialties as Spaghetti Blackshirt, Beefsteak Benito and Fascist Empire Spagocake.

Two bucks for Warhol

JOHN WILCOCK, often described as "grandfather of the underground Press," is a man of his word. A long time ago he promised subscribers to *Other Scenes*, the newspaper published from his Greenwich Village home, that he would send them a free copy of his forthcoming book on Andy Warhol, the painter of soup cans and maker of sexy films.

After four years of labour, the book has finally stopped forthcoming and come forth. The problem is that "The Autobiography and Sex Life of Andy Warhol" cost Wilcock, who published it himself, \$2.50 a copy to print. The book retails only in America, at \$5, but providing several thousand copies free is liable to push him into bankruptcy.

Nevertheless Wilcock is faithfully carrying out his promise, even though a doleful little note mailed with each free copy says he would be grateful if subscribers could send him "a couple of bucks."

The book is worth that if only as a curiosity. Despite the title, it is not an autobiography but a series of tape-recorded interviews with Warhol's friends, who are photographed in various stages of dress and undress. Wilcock, a 42-year-old York-shireman who has lived in America for nearly 20 years, is himself one of the interviewees.

Another is Viva, one of Warhol's "superstars." Asked how she met him, she replies: "I bumped into him while I was in the sewer looking for alleged alligators." A man named Sam Green recalls how he helped to make a film, the point of which was "really to get into people's apartments, to get to know these rich people... I would phone up this woman on Sutton Place (Manhattan's swankiest neighbourhood) and I would say 'Look, there's this madman named Andy Warhol and he's got all these funny characters around him and they're making this movie and it's just going to be ridiculous, and if you'd like to be in a movie we could come up on Saturday and use your bathroom.'"

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ODDmeant by EDNEY

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FILMS MARGARET HINXMAN

W

RUN AROUND ABOUT

THE rarest commodity in television fiction these days is a good idea. Brisk dialogue, neat construction, clever use of the medium—those we got. What's lacking all too often is the quality of *aboutness*, that initial promise (or promise) that grabs attention and arouses expectation.

Given the good idea, it must be worked out with the attention to detail it deserves. The *Guardians* (L.W.T.) advances from a premise which is a stand-out of the novel. The idea of a Britain which has succumbed to totalitarian rule has been explored in all sorts of ways and from all sorts of standpoints by writers as diverse as Anthony Burgess, Robert Miller and Peter van Greenaway, not to mention the precursors of them all, George Orwell, whose "1984" was made into a legendary TV play.

But this is the first lengthy series on such a theme, and at least its postulates are freshly minted, for as the second production of Orwell's *1984* is made, made slowly clear, nothing dates more quickly than a cautionary vision of the future. Rex Fink and Vincent Tilley have established theirs on the whole with imagination and plausibility. Last night's opening episode introduced most of the regular protagonists and set in motion some thick undercurrents of equivocation. Is the loutish captain of the *Guardians* (or stormtroopers) played by John Collin secretly a resistance figure? There was a tightly controlled scene in which he let (or did he?) Robin Ellis's arrogant young recruit turn the tables on him. If Cyril Luckham's feeble Prime Minister is too soft-bodied a liberal, Derek Smith's Cabinet secretary is very creepy indeed.

The physical detail is good, too. The designer, Colin Pigott, has given the *Guardians* a smart, logographic emblem and a fleet of yellow Unimogs to carry their agents. The style of the penny-pinchers which all too often means screaming mobs of nine men and one non-Equity dog—until suddenly, at a

TELEVISION PHILIP PURSER

crucial moment near the end last night, the scene was miraculously de-populated. And this in a public place where just previously there had been an attempt on the Prime Minister's life! It wasn't for reasons of economy. Worse even than that, it was in the interests of a clumsy bit of plotting whereby the Robin Ellis character had to be eliminated by an unseen assassin. My set flashed "TILT".

Penny-pinchers on an epic scale afflicted the beginning of *Seven Days in the Life of Andrew Fekham* (B.B.C. 2), a cycle of half-hour plays to another immediate engrossing idea: the consequences, personal and professional, for an airline pilot surviving a crash in which many lives were lost. The crash itself was cunningly suggested by the director, Calixtus Calixtus, but the preliminary scene-setting would have failed to convince the most casual air traveller. Unless the story is meant to be set back 10 years, or so, a Viscount is unlikely still to be working anyone's Naples-London service, and anyway it appeared to be taking off from London.

Also, I craved more information as to the circumstances of the accident, but it may be that this will be further coming in later episodes as we left Donald Sliden in hospital with some nasty bruises and a severe occurrence of the interior flashbacks. Again a promising overall design (by Derek Hood) is flawed, not irretrievably I hope, by skimpy execution.

The *Seasons* (Granada) ought to have been a good idea, too—a cycle of longer plays set in the same country house over a period of a couple of centuries. Unfortunately the author, Anthony Skene, who made his name with some brilliantly inventive thrillers and his money by thereafter writing episodes for many different series, seems incapable of this. The imagination inhabiting the past, instead he has rather crudely borrowed the style of writers of the appropriate period.

I missed the first play, but since then have caught one with William Lucas roughly in the

mood of Sheridan Le Fanu and a Pinero-esque piece with Gwen Watford improbably cast as an Indian lady. Last Monday's *Said* seemed to be the model in a curious and in the end quite baffling house-party comedy in which John Gasson, as a Frisian visitor, poisoned nearly everyone else with the wrong kind of mushroom. Whether this was by design or accident wasn't clear; the awful thing was, no one will have cared.

HOW the Americans have translated Alf Garnett and his loved ones into *All in the Family* (B.B.C. 1) is rather revealing. The daughter and son-in-law are more or less straight equivalents except that the boy is hipper and they have friends who stray into the household, notably a black (Michael Evans) who promises to be a very useful addition. Mum (Jean Stapleton) is uncannily reminiscent of our own dear Dandy Nichols, and they have equipped her with the same line in derisive, semi-intentional repartee.

The great change is in the flow of prejudice against the young, the Left and the blacks is maintained with some to spare for the Mexicans and the Jews. But Alf was solid and wooden and witless in his ignorance and, no matter how Johnny Speight may have protested otherwise, rather endearing. Deeply ingrained in the American comedy tradition is the need for everyone to be smart. So Archie Bunker is a wise-cracker, sometimes effectively so in Norman Lear's growly script. Whether this will impair the durability of the original idea remains to be seen. Meanwhile it's interesting and quite fun.

Look out for...

TODAY (B.B.C. 1): *Solzhentzky* — the writer and his Government; but first, as they say on the radio, a gripe at competitive television at its woodenest; after that, a very good evening, especially if you have already seen the movie, a head-on clash at this moment. The B.B.C. 1 offer is a very good one. Omnibus compilation from Solzhentzky's writings, partly in the form of readings, partly dramatized with Eddie Jones in the part. If you feel that a prose writer is best appreciated by reading him, try *Square One* on TV, a play by Anthony Winch about the exploitation of rock-bottom methods, drunker for a TV programme. The goodie (Maurice Aldridge) and Patrick Thompson, the young bit too goody-goody, the young opportunist (Paul Jones) just a bit too callous. But with an extremely realistic performance by Derek Smith as the drunk and an intense production by Mary Miller, it makes the points well.

TOMORROW (B.B.C. 1): 24 Hours, and a short Butler with a plug for his book.

TUESDAY (B.B.C. 2): *A Victim Observed*; repeat of Lorna Pegram's superb dossier on the missing Superior Posterior of all time, the Rokeby Venus.

9.20 (B.B.C. 1): *Paid Off* other than the Oscar, which is just at the subject but here's a truly unimpaired attempt to communicate the human plight behind the headlines. The management class made redundant; Wednesday night at the same time, *Working Out* of working class. Friday, again at 9.20, the problem in general James Burke is in charge.

THURSDAY (B.B.C. 1): *Portrait of a Man*; the greatest of all Portraits, uncomplainingly, that favorite character of the novel, the Jew, who finally acquires a comedy series of his own, and it's British wit. *Portrait of a Man* is written by Warren Alexander, who is 10.10 (B.B.C. 2): *Solomon*; dreamy dreamy as French television stage, *Solomon* is just at the subject but here's a truly unimpaired attempt to communicate the human plight behind the headlines. The management class made redundant; Wednesday night at the same time, *Working Out* of working class. Friday, again at 9.20, the problem in general James Burke is in charge.

EXHIBITIONS A FIELD NEAR LONDON. An exhibition about the landscape, featuring a selection of paintings, sculpture, and photography, including works by J.M.W. Turner, J.R. MacGillivray, and others. Running from July 11 to August 1, 1971. Admission: 10p. Location: The National Gallery, London.

CONCERTS WESTMINSTER ARMY ORGAN RECITAL. A concert featuring the Westminster Army Organ, with a program of contemporary and traditional music. Running from July 11 to August 1, 1971. Admission: 5p. Location: Westminster Abbey, London.

CONCERTS ROYAL ALBERT HALL. A concert featuring the Royal Albert Hall, with a program of contemporary and traditional music. Running from July 11 to August 1, 1971. Admission: 10p. Location: Royal Albert Hall, London.

CONCERTS NIEDZIELSKI. A concert featuring the Niedzielski, with a program of contemporary and traditional music. Running from July 11 to August 1, 1971. Admission: 10p. Location: Royal Albert Hall, London.



Derek Smith as an alcoholic in Arden Winch's play "Square One." London Weekend Television tonight; and (below) Patricia Ruanne as the Dying Swan in Yorkshire's "Stars on Sunday".



Rarities on radio

MUSIC JOHN WARRACK

LIKE the egg-head house-motorist, the long-distance patient, I have been spending the past week confined entirely to Radio 3—a self-imposed exile from live music, and one filled with surprises ranging from the pleasure of a Schubert first performance to the depressing but, alas, not unique experience of more than once turning on the wireless on spec and being wildly wrong in identifying what comes out.

The latter game, the resident egg-head housewife and I find, makes an entertaining if for me somewhat humbling quiz, but with Radio 3 currently doing well in its explorations, few of us would expect to score full marks the whole time.

I wonder, for instance, if without prior knowledge I would have spotted the overture in C minor played last Monday by Harry Blech and the London Mozart Players as teenage Schubert. Written when he was 14, after being played in the family circle in 1811, it was allowed to languish until an orchestral performance in New York in 1948; and one can see why. From the solemn introduction (using an ancient melodic line) to the return to his next piece, the G minor Piano Fantasy, little emerges except aptitude, and the belated first subject seems to need greater skill in manipulation than the teenage Schubert can manage. The form has, admittedly, similarities to that of other early Schubert pieces; but the real give-away comes with a second subject that transcends the textbooks. Here is the ungerminated seed of genius.

Through a more adept piece of work, Schubert's Czech contemporary, Kramar's Concerto for Two Clarinets reflects so much promise. Two clarinets are not necessarily better than one; and half the time Kramar seems merely embarrassed by a Doppelgänger.

But this is exactly the kind of exploration Radio 3 should be making, and occasionally does make by the formula of a series or a special set of programmes. Some are concocted according to an awkward formula: others, often the simplest ones like the classic series of all Haydn's symphonies, make a permanent impression on the scene; a few light on a good idea which it proves difficult to sustain.

Among the latter is a new series consisting of reconstructions of the famous Sunday morning concert arranged by Abraham and Lea Mendelssohn in their Berlin house for their talented son Felix. Unfortunately too little is known of all that was played on these occasions, and guesswork does not always come convincingly to the rescue. It is unlikely, to say the least, that the Mendelssohns played what was announced as a Flute Sonata by Weber and turned out to be the last of his Progressive Symphonies, as well as the new British music which remains its central purpose. However, this has now come to be absorbed into more catholic programming; new music is usually better presented in a varied programme, and on the whole this is made more possible by the cultivation of smaller forms. Twenty-one years ago, Peter Racine Fricker made a name overnight with his first symphony, this year his contribution is a brief Nocturne.

Fricker suggests that it might better be entitled "Night Music with some intervals and anxiety." The scheme is that of one of those bad nights with waking intervals of misery and anxiety but on a small scale the idea is properly work as an inventive musical abstraction of experience. Both Martin Dalby's "Concerto Martin" and Fricker's "Apocalypse" seemed to depend more on sound-materials in search of a language, though both composers have acute ears for the striking effect, and Dalby's frenetic string writing has a reginal energy which holds much promise.

But dominating the concerts has been another, unofficial "first"—a set of performances of Mozart piano concertos by Alfred Brendel, of marvellous penetration and human perception.

in the well-trained concierge retorted, "Jamais!"

Ronald Smith's exemplary performance of Alkan's four-movement *Symphonie pour Piano* (which he and Raymond Leventhal have each recorded) showed his marvellous inventiveness with piano sonorities, especially in the Funeral March, and a ravishing lyricism in the trio of the minuet (Smith had a new H.M.V. record of Alkan's pieces due out in August).

Radio 3 has also mounted a large-scale visit to the Cheltenham Festival, this year concentrating on Scandinavian music and as well as the new British music which remains its central purpose. However, this has now come to be absorbed into more catholic programming; new music is usually better presented in a varied programme, and on the whole this is made more possible by the cultivation of smaller forms. Twenty-one years ago, Peter Racine Fricker made a name overnight with his first symphony, this year his contribution is a brief Nocturne.

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Discovering the past

Ferguson's first law of Fologies states that, whenever there is more than one explanation for a given set of circumstances, the academic will choose the most boring.

It is therefore very pleasant that, although Thames and Hudson's "Ancient People and Places" series has maintained consistently high scholarly standards, the books have seldom been less than interesting, and some have been outstanding. The 75th volume, Sinclair Hood's "Minoans: Crete in the Bronze Age" was published during the week—only a year late. "You keep being side-tracked by controversies," he says. There is a swelling popular interest in the past. And for what may seem a leisurely gentlemanly pursuit, the rate of discovery increases rapidly and controversy does not diminish. Even the most ardent find it hard to keep up: one of the Sunday supplements last week trotted out that old bit about Stonehenge having been designed by a Mycenaean architect—though carbon dating has established that Stonehenge is older than Mycenaean.

As Dr. Glyn Daniel, general editor of the series, says, the publication of which Sinclair Hood writes was not heard of 75 years ago. I hope some other legends will be translated into fact: anyone for Avelon and Lyonesse? Or for Britain as Hyperborea and Atlantis?

Next Sunday Anglia Television begins its eight-part series "The Lost Centuries," which is "under the guidance of Dr. Glyn Daniel." It is about to be called the Dark Ages, the

WHAT'S HAPPENING

By T. S. Ferguson

period between the fall of Rome and the Renaissance, perhaps because the Church was responsible for so much of the darkness it's being put in the God Slot," but it's much more ambitious than this implies. And Dr. Daniel says there are even more ambitious items for archaeological and historical programmes in the future. If there is an L.T.V. 2, he hopes there will be scope for development here, maybe along the lines of B.B.C. 2.

This series, he says, is Taylor made: it's presented by Dr. Brian Hope-Taylor and produced by Forbes-Taylor. There is some similarity with B.B.C.'s "Civilisation" though it's rather more heavily dramatised, with the tortured northern face of Dr. Hope-Taylor replacing the bland old gent mug of Lord Clarke.

Back to "Ancient Peoples": it began, nearly 15 years ago, in a strange way. Dr. Daniel: he'd been asked if he could recommend the translation into English of a very large and expensive book on the archaeology of the Near East, called "The Archaeology of the Near East" by a small book on the subject. Scholars would read the book in the original French in libraries and museums. What the public needed was a shorter, easier summary with lots of illustrations. The aim was to bring the best specialist knowledge available in clear and straight terms to all kinds of readers—the university student, the voracious general reader, other scholars not expert in that particular field.

The formula has been very successful: subjects have ranged from China to Peru, from Finland to Australia. It wasn't intended to cover all ancient people and places: "I have insisted that we must only commission a book where there was a special need for it, and a good editor waiting and ready to write it. "But, for all that, our coverage is getting more complete than I ever dreamt it would be. We have at the moment well over 50 more volumes in contemplation, at least 20 of them are in active preparation." In five years, he says, they'll be celebrating the publication of the hundredth volume, by which time he and Eric Peters (who has been largely responsible for the editorial work in the London office) will virtually be Ancient People themselves.

BASIL BOOTHBY, whose biography of Prince Philip was serialised in the paper, has his first play coming up at the Adelphi Theatre in East Grinstead tomorrow. Let's say it's a comedy, but a husband-and-wife team of actors—Teddy and Laddie Burnham.

In praise of Bliss "Because he's Master of the Queen's Music, people think Bliss composes nothing but fanfares," says David Brenner. "But he's written a lot of beautiful music."

Mr. Brenner is secretary of the Bruckner-Mahler Choir which, with the London Chamber Orchestra, will give a concert of Sir Arthur Bliss's music at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on Tuesday, in honour of his 80th birthday. At the same time he will be presented with a portrait of himself by William Lennox-Bisset, which was commissioned by the choir.

The choir largely comprises former members of the Royal Choral Society who left after the recent dust-up with their conductor Wyn Morris. It's enjoyed some success during its year of existence, and is already preparing for its autumn concert, which will be Rachmaninov's

Vesper Mass, which the composer preferred, with the bells, to all his other works, but which has not been performed complete in this country before, so far as the choir can discover.

ANDY WARHOL's first play "Fork" will have its world premiere at the Young Vic on August 2; it has had an off-off-Broadway preview by La Mama in New York. It features a young man called Andy Warhol, described by the New York Times as "a fat, bouncy over-achiever in drugs and sex," and Valva, a male actor in drag and a Southern accent. The ring-leader is a "deserted, flesh-bared" young man. Warhol keeps a Polaroid at the ready. The producer is Ira D. Gale.

Invest in Pirate Pict

How much is a piece of eight? While I was away last week I saw lots of stories about the pirate treasure of Plet Hein (and a small one about a pirate that was a pirate) now on sale at Spinks in St. James's, but nothing about how much they cost. Being one of your "If she be not fair to me/What care I how fair she be" types, I thought I'd return to discover whether these coins were possessable. It turns out that a piece of eight will cost you between £10 and £200: the most popular are £16.

There has been quite a run on these, particularly from the City of London. One stockbroker bought 50. They seem to be a heaven-sent gift for 21st birthdays and weddings: some buyers are putting by stocks so that they can present them to the right person at the right time. And was Plet a Pirate? Spinks spokesman: "He was a very nice man, and I admire him immensely. But he was a pirate."

Waiting for Godette

If Sarah Bernhardt could play Hamlet, why can't all the other parts be played by females too? Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" is to be played by an all-girl cast at the Little Theatre in Gerrard Street, the first of a series of next week till the following Sunday. They are graduates of the East 15 Acting School: Heather Brechin, Hilary Foister, Angela Chaffield, Dale Hodges and Mavis Shaw—all aged between 20 and 25.

They are also directing, producing, paying for it and running it themselves, not a complete triumph for Women's Lib, as the author remains male. Anyway, it's really nothing to do with sexual politics: the venture is their own way of dealing with unemployment in the theatre. It should give new insights on the play: put a female in any one of the parts and you change the subject accordingly—that rotten phony old sex war would raise its ugly head. But with women in all the parts... they're the boys singing Cherobino next.

THE NOBLE ART of boozing will be featured in the Battle of Britain which opens on Friday. The exhibition, which is running at the National Maritime Museum, "Merrie England" evening of songs and poems on July 23, vintage records, medals, and other country wines will be provided by the local Merrydown Wine Company which operates from a distillery in Merrydown, Dorset. As a loyal Northerner, I can't concede that its mean can compare with Landisford, but it's a good thing that they "cannot compete with their vineyards, where they make 'what might be called an English Liebfraumilch'."

ART GALLERIES

ALAN JACOBS GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION Dutch Masters and Romantic Paintings until July 31. 15, Motcomb Street, W.1. Tel. 01-235 5944. Daily 10.30-5.30. Sat. 10.30-4.30.

BARCLAY GALLERY, 14th, 19th & 20th Century Paintings of English & Continental Schools. 14, Upper North Bridge Street, W.1. Tel. 01-235 5944. Daily 10.30-5.30. Sat. 10.30-4.30.

CLARGES GALLERY, 5 Clarges Street, W.1. Tel. 01-235 5944. A Collection of Small Oil Paintings by NANCY GRAHAM 19th July to 19th August Mon. to Fri. 10-5.30

COLNAGH'S, 14, Old Bond Street, W.1. EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTER DRAWINGS Monday to Friday 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. The Exhibition will remain open until Friday, 16th July, 1971.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE 101-102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829,

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

July 11, 1971

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INDEPENDENT OF ALL GROUPS

SOUR GRAPES

SOUR grapes make a poor diet for a politician. Mr. Wilson's television broadcast on Europe showed all the signs of having been composed on this dispiriting fare. It was easy to imagine him watching Mr. Heath's buoyant appearance on the previous evening and thinking, "There, but for the malignity of fate, go I."

Had the tables not been turned by the electorate last year, would not Mr. Wilson have seized with alacrity upon the rôle of national leader in this great adventure? Alas, the near-certainty that he would indeed have done so diminishes most of his much-paraded present doubts to the level of frustrated niggles.

It was, of course, necessary for him to reiterate that he still believed in British entry, provided "the right terms" were available. With his public record, it would scarcely have been possible for him to claim otherwise. But then came his onslaught upon the present terms: and above everything else his true complaint seemed to be merely that they have been obtained by a Conservative Government instead of a Labour Government. It is not an impressive criticism.

It is unimpressive not least because it has been largely destroyed by the three men whom Mr. Wilson entrusted, when Prime Minister, with the negotiation of his terms. Mr. George Thompson, Mr. Harold Lever and Lord George-Brown have all asserted that the present bargain would certainly have been acceptable to

them. Mr. Wilson did not mention this fact. It makes a devastating comment upon his own sceptical words nevertheless.

There were other significant points which he chose to overlook. He asked for a figure for the likely cost of entry to our balance of payments (which means a reasonably accurate estimate of how much more we shall sell to Europe, minus what extra they will sell to us): yet he knows as well as anyone that such a figure must be highly speculative. He found fault with the arrangements for New Zealand, but ignored the fact that that country has accepted them. He voiced further doubts about Commonwealth sugar—disregarding the fact that these terms have been generally accepted with only minor reservations.

Mr. Wilson said nothing about the powerful feeling in favour of British membership among European trade unionists—a fact which might be expected to weigh heavily with his own supporters. On the very day that he was airing all his doubts, strong pressure to support British entry was being placed upon the Trades Union Congress by European unions, and for reasons of economic dynamism and social progress which should appeal strongly to the British Labour movement.

In other circumstances, Mr. Wilson would have been energetic in making the parochial-minded among his supporters become aware of this sentiment. But not now. Sour grapes have prevailed.

To the Point

Camp Justice

THE wonder is not that Mr. William Camp was sacked, but that he was not sacked a long time ago—when he decided to work for Mr. Wilson during the last election campaign. He obviously gambled on Labour winning—from which he would have expected to gain glittering rewards—and cannot now complain at eventually having to pay up for having lost his gamble.

Clearly the Steel Corporation needs to have close relations with any Government, Tory or Labour, which means that senior employees are unwise to become too actively and intimately involved with one party. If they do, they become more trouble than they are worth, as Lord Melchett has belatedly realised.

Where to Do It

IF an unmarried student teacher of 19 had lived with a man in lodgings "no one would have worried," said Lord Denning, Master of the Rolls, "except perhaps her parents." But she did this in college, whereupon his Lordship, dismissing her plea for reinstatement, declared: "She would never make a teacher. No parents would knowingly entrust their child to her care."

It may seem strange that a judge can blight a young woman's career for breaking a college rule, while professing indifference to her general mode of life. But judges tend to work by rule, and in a society that has dispensed with so many rules they are likely to make the most of those that remain.

Guilty Men

THE B.B.C. Governors' statement on the "Yesterday's Men" programme was highly unsatisfactory. While providing plenty of evidence that those responsible for it were seriously at fault, it refrains from censure. Is this because the Governors' first loyalty is to the B.B.C. and its

personnel: to protect their own? If so, the public demand for an independent and genuinely impartial body to examine its complaints will rightly grow.

Justice requires that the guilty should be condemned quite as much as that the innocent should be acquitted.

Marching In

IT was fitting that Louis Armstrong's farewell should have taken place in the modest church where he worshipped, when he might have had a State funeral in some great cathedral. No humanly devised ceremony could have adequately expressed what Satoko's music-making has meant to more than one generation of people who have been gladdened and comforted by it.

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Clinging Confetti

THE tiny Bahamas island of Abaco has now joined Anguilla in preferring direct colonial-style links with Britain to independence.

The late President de Gaulle used to call scattered islands like these "the confetti of Empire." Used as we are to seeing confetti lying around for a while after a wedding, it is bizarre to find it still obstinately glued to the ground even after the imperial bust-up and divorce.

Get Netted

LONG-HAired recruits to the Swedish Army, it appears, will no longer be ordered to get their hair cut. A new law makes it compulsory for soldiers with shoulder-length hair to wear a hair net (service issue, of course) when on parade.

One wonders how long it will be before the trend catches on over here and Aldershot parade grounds echo to strident commands of "Squad—wait for it!—get netted!"

ANTICS OF MARKET 'ANTIS'

IT is obviously sensible, in trying to assess the likely outcome of the great European debate, to evaluate the respective weight of the speakers on each side, as well of course as the persuasiveness of their arguments. On the present prospect it would seem to me that the "pros" are in a much more favourable position than the "antis."

Take first the positions of Mr. Heath and Mr. Wilson, both of whom had an opportunity to show their paces last week. Nobody can be in any doubt about the Prime Minister's passionate faith in the advantages of entry. He speaks from a position of absolute conviction. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand—assuming that he does decide to lead the "antis"—is manifestly uncertain in his own mind. His opposition, at best, can only be ambivalent, motivated—as he has himself admitted—more by consideration of party expediency than true conviction.

Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether Mr. Wilson really wants to see Britain decide to stay out. Privately he shares the Prime Minister's views about the need for entry. With his mouth stuffed full of eaten words, it is going to be difficult for his voice to come through loud and clear. Every speech he makes will merely provide the other side with more ammunition to fire at the sitting duck.

Nor can Mr. Callaghan, the other leading "anti" be regarded as even momentarily convincing, judging at least by his form so far. His alternative to entry—going flat out for growth—is so implausible as to be beneath serious attention. The speech in which he outlined it has been laughed out of court since his own record as Chancellor contradicted its assumptions at every point.

That leaves the "antis" with Barbara Castle, Fred Peart, Michael Foot, Douglas Jay and Peter Shore, not a particularly well-assorted or impressive bunch, and scarcely comparable in weight with Roy Jenkins, Denis Healey, George Thompson, Harold Lever, Shirley Williams and George Brown, who will all be campaigning on the other side.

As for the great trade union "antis," Jack Jones and Hugh Scanlon, all one can say is that any cause which has them as champions starts with a formidable handicap, since they are the two most unpopular public men in the country. Nothing is more likely to stamper the "don't know" into the European camp than, the sound of the trade union leaders thundering their opposition. The more they are seen and heard in the coming months, the less respectable will the "anti" case begin to seem and sound.

Among the Tory "antis," there is of course the very formidable figure of Enoch Powell, never to be underestimated. It is just possible that he could give the campaign against entry the extra dimension of grandeur that its other spokesmen so singularly lack. But his own position on this issue is far from happy or impressive, since, like Harold Wilson, he has a good many words to eat, and cannot easily be acquitted of using the Market issue as a political gimmick.

In any case, his reputation with the public has suffered a good deal in the last twelve months from making dogmatic utterance of unorthodox opinions on too many subjects, with the result that he is now widely regarded as an incorrigible maverick. That he will certainly lend eloquence and strength to the anti-Market cause goes without saying. But not weight or balance. Nor can it be thought that Derek Walker-Smith, Robin Turton and Neil Martin, the other leading Tory Market rebels, will contribute these particular qualities to any great extent.

What has to be recognised about the Anti-Market camp is a notable impression of irresponsibility and perversity, as if it was engaged in a great wrecking operation. This may not be a fair interpretation of their motives, but it is difficult to see how the

As argument and confusion continue over Britain's joining Europe one thing is clear: many opponents of entry are discredited before the 'great debate' even begins, says PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

public can avoid getting this impression. Messrs Wilson and Callaghan are plainly motivated by a desire to embarrass the Tory Government, the former having pretty well admitted that his motives are brazenly party political.

Douglas Jay and Peter Shore, for their part, have nothing constructive to say about alternatives to the European Community and content themselves with painting a picture of membership which is so obviously a malicious caricature, while Jack Jones and Hugh Scanlon cannot escape the reputation for bloody-mindedness which they have earned from other causes.

As for Richard Crossman, no

man in British public life enjoys so well-earned a reputation for making mischief just for the hell of it. Add Enoch Powell, stir vigorously and what does one get? A heady brew, to be sure, but scarcely one guaranteed to slake the public's thirst for serious and fair-minded debate.

The truth is that the Tory leadership is united in favour of entry and will speak with one voice, whereas the Labour leadership is disunited and will speak with many voices, some of the most prestigious backing entry. Industry is overwhelmingly in favour of entry, and its influence will be used to strengthen the Government's case. The Press, quality and popular, with the

exception of the Express group is strongly "pro" as is the Civil Service.

This does not mean that the Establishment is right. It has often been wrong before. But to demonstrate that it is wrong would seem to require a quality of national leadership, a solidity of argument, a firmness of conviction, and an absence of vulnerability to charges of bad faith, that the "antis" simply do not enjoy.

Nor is it simply a case of the British Establishment advising entry. This is also the advice of our friends and allies throughout the Western world, who can be relied upon to make it clear that if Britain turns down this opportunity she will be assumed to

have taken leave of her senses. Again, there is no reason to suppose that foreign opinion is necessarily right. But it adds to the weight of opinion in favour of entry, and to the damaging impression of eccentricity which is likely to be the "antis' most potent danger.

My own impression, which the polls confirm, is that between the firm opponents of entry and the firm supporters lies a great body of uncertain opinion that finds it extremely difficult to come to a clear conclusion. These are the people who will judge the issue, not so much by the arguments as by those who are doing the arguing. If last week is any guide, the passionate purposefulness of the White Paper, followed by Mr. Heath's patently sincere affirmation of faith, in such marked contrast with Mr. Wilson's querulous deviousness, is likely to give the edge very decisively to the "pros," a development which will be even more accentuated as soon as the trade union leaders get into the act.

There is much talk about a great debate. Certainly the issue is great enough. But can it really be supposed that the "antis" have a chance of rising to the occasion? Are they not pitifully compromised and discredited before they start? That there exists a powerful current of opinion taking this country away from Europe is undoubtedly true. But the more it is translated into words, and the more those who speak the words are identified and judged, and their motives analysed, the less persuasive their cause is certain to seem.

As the argument progresses, it is doubtful whether the public will find it easier to make up their minds. Indeed, they may well be more confused by the end of the summer than they are now, hopelessly baffled by the conflicting claims of the experts, in the end, therefore, victory will go to the side that inspires more confidence, that sounds more sincere, that is less exposed to charges of double cross and double talk, to the side, in a word, that is most reliable. Can there really be any doubt, even now, which side that is going to be?



Open files at V & G tribunal

by J. W. M. THOMPSON

IT can never, aspire to the realms of bawdy knockabout attained by the "Oz" trial or some other notable legal processes of our time, but at least the Tribunal of Inquiry into the Vehicle and General Affairs promises a profoundly interesting insight into a section of the governmental machine scarcely ever exposed to the common view. "Lack of determination in carrying out the duty of the Department which we submit, amounts to negligence," that is one accusation being investigated, and it is a potentially shattering one for Whitehall.

Admittedly this was not likely to be the first impression of anyone who strayed into Church House during the opening days of the hearings last week. As likely as not counsel would have been addressing the Tribunal in some such terms as: "And now, if you would be kind enough to take the bundle 'B' 15," which is to say the correspondence bundle, earlier referred to as "CWJ 51," and then turn to page 75." It is not the language of high drama.

The speaker, moreover, stands without dignity of wig and gown, in the centre of a daunting accumulation of heaps of documents, a spreading archipelago of papers which engulfs desks, chairs, even portions of the floor. His words cause a dry rustling of documents as the serried ranks of barristers and solicitors, and the three members of the Tribunal, thumb through their own stacks of papers to find the appropriate sheet. Nevertheless, what is taking

place, and what will continue for many more weeks before the Tribunal's work is done, is an examination in remorseless detail of the dealings of one Government Department with one troublesome corner of private enterprise—which is a rare and curious event. In some countries, notably America, most of what happens within Government offices reaches the eyes of the public by one means or another; the U.S. Supreme Court has even upheld, in recent days, the right of newspapers to publish secret war documents smuggled out of the Pentagon by a disenchanted employee. But in Britain, the secrecy of Civil Service business is rigorously guarded by the law.

Only when something goes wrong, or is thought possibly to have gone wrong, are the doors suddenly opened and the contents of every filing cabinet brought out for public scrutiny. This point came in the V. and G. affair because the Board of Trade (now the Department of Trade and Industry) has statutory duties of supervision laid on it by the Insurance Companies Acts 1958-67—yet in spite of that the V. and G. company, as everyone knows, collapsed disastrously.

Last week, then, as the Attorney-General and Mr. John Arnold, Q.C., opened the inquiry, in speeches extending from Monday morning to Friday evening, the Tribunal was plodding through the confidential papers and records of the Department relating to the V. and G. business. Private minutes, correspondence, notes of telephone calls, memoranda from the Government Actuary, advice to Ministers—all were read out, put in as exhibits, and sometimes caustically commented upon by counsel. For example: "It would be hard," said Mr. Arnold, a man with an urbanely humorous style but a sharp turn of phrase nevertheless, "to conceive of a more naive appraisal of the situation."

Of course, the civil servants concerned will have the opportunity to defend their actions when the Tribunal reaches the stage of calling witnesses. The chairman, Mr. Justice James, has urged counsel not to be "squeamish" in naming names and making allegations "so that people may have a chance to deal with them." But even with every right of reply scrupulously protected, one could not help thinking, as the story proceeded, of how traumatic an experience this must be for civil servants accustomed to having their judgments and their writings screened by departmental privacy and the Official Secrets Act.

For the Tribunal, the weighing of the accusations of "negligence" is necessarily a complex task, and it has been made more complex by the emergence of a quite separate sub-plot from the allegation that confidential information was "leaked." The case of the Attorney-General, Sir Peter Rawlinson, is that a Mrs. Rose Norgan, employed in the photo-copying room at the Department, made illicit extra copies of certain

papers and supplied them to interested parties; she, he added, denied the charge, and she is likely to have a chance to do so at the witness table tomorrow or on Tuesday.

But this allegation, whether upheld or not, is only a small part of the massive public examination of the Department's affairs which has now been set in train. The larger part concerns the nature of the Department's oversight of the V. and G., and whether or not it bears any blame for the loss of some £10 million by those who were insured with the company or had shares in it, and the loss of another £10 million by the company's creditors.

Only one side of the case has been heard so far. Mr. Arnold, putting that side, argued that the oversight was lamentably ineffective; he repeatedly balanced the state of the company's finances

at various times against the Department's alleged reluctance to intervene effectively.

"We are submitting that more information should have been asked for," he said; and, "All the way through they failed to insist sufficiently hard and strenuously; they were 'too easily put off by the excuses which were made.'"

Millions more words will be spoken, and mountains of documents perused, before the Department is vindicated or condemned. It is a ponderous process, lucrative for the lawyers no doubt, ghastly for those under scrutiny. It is the price which has to be paid—indefinitely, to every one's relief—for a system which leaves the Government machine to work in privileged privacy almost all of the time.

Perhaps some civil servants are remembering Voltaire's remark about the execution of a certain British admiral: they have to shoot one now and then, he said, pour encourager les autres.

New defenders of the old Mass

WHILE the Roman Church undergoes its agonies of self-reappraisal, it is left largely to outsiders to point to the effect of this ecclesiastical revolution on the general cultural fabric of the West. Shrill theological controversies among the devout have hitherto obscured the fact that, in the secular sphere, something once taken for granted as a central point of reference in all the arts will disappear before the end of the year; but now a group of quite untheological people have tumbled to what is going on.

From Britain a variegated selection of leaders of the intelligentsia, including such figures as Kenneth Clark, Robert Graves, F. R. Leavis, Yehudi Menuhin, William Plomer and the Poet Laureate, have joined with a few committed Roman Catholics to send a plea to the Pope that he should rescue from oblivion what they call "the Roman Catholic Mass."

Their terminology is inexact, for there will assuredly always be a Roman Catholic Mass of some kind. They mean the Tridentine Mass of 1570, a careful compilation of various slightly differing medieval Latin rites.

Some of the ancient texts of this Mass, which in essence dates back at least to the sixth century, have now been radically revised in Rome, supposedly in an attempt

to make the liturgy, as now translated into various vernaculars, more intelligible to modern man. This has led to bitter doctrinal controversy within the Church itself.

Yet it is not on spiritual or dogmatic grounds that the present memorialists urge that the old order should not be entirely discarded. They take their stand as heirs of a millenary culture who believe that it is about to have one of its nerve-centres atrophied. Many devotees will agree that they speak wiser than they know.

The Roman Mass, as we used to regard it, was an art-form intended to express, in perpetuity, the ineffable mystery of the Redemption. Its precise ceremonies could be performed with as much dignity in the simplest village church as in the most magnificent cathedral. On ordinary occasions the greater part of the service proceeded in a blessed silence; on bigger occasions choral music was used in a human attempt to fill that silence worthily. The new order of the Mass, on the contrary, is not only deprived of any overriding ceremonial pattern, but has to be said aloud, often in a pathetically inadequate translation from the Latin, with the congregation constrained to take an active part.

From a religious point of view,

the distinction is between public prayer as an act of worship on the one hand and as an effort at communal self-improvement on the other. On this aspect of the matter the signatories of the letter presume to make no judgment. Their concern is to point out that if the former sacred drama ceases to be part of the living tradition of Western Christendom, the vast cultural heritage surrounding it will lapse into mere antiquarianism. To them the suggestion of Mr. John Humphreys, secretary of the English Liturgical Commission, that it should be performed on occasion in "old people's homes" over a concessionary period of five or ten years, is not enough.

This season's holidaymakers will already have observed that the great cathedrals of the Continent, with the High Altar deserted in favour of a lowly table, have begun to assume the character of soulless architectural museums. The paintings of Old Masters, in unused side chapels, now seem to belong more to an art gallery than to a church. And even the immortal Mass settings of Bach and Beethoven, if divorced in men's minds from a living liturgy, will soon be thought of as concert pieces like any other.

The old Mass, in essence unchanged, has stood at the heart of human creative endeavour for

1,400 years. From romanesque to gothic to baroque; from Giotto to Michelangelo to Rubens; from plainchant to polyphony, from Monteverdi to Verdi—and also in great literature—there has been no escaping it. Since the Reformation, indeed, its influence has persisted outside the Roman communion. Tomorrow, in our own St. Paul's Cathedral, Walton's *Missa Brevis* will be sung in acknowledgement of the underlying unity of Western Christendom. But if the central tradition dies, will we not look differently upon such modern expressions of it?

One cannot help asking why, after so many centuries, the tradition should be coming to an abrupt end just when it is most needed as a link between the past, the present and eternity. The Second Vatican Council laid down a few mild guidelines for liturgical reform but, since it dispersed, faceless hatchet-men in Rome have got silently to work. There has been no popular demand for what they have done; the tree has been lopped while no one was looking.

The whole transaction bears the stamp of an age when anarchic values appear in the most unexpected places. "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold." But what if the centre collapses first? The *missa est*.

by DOUGLAS BROWN

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The day Will Camp's breath-taking brinkmanship had to come to an end

Downfall of a tight-rope walker

DID Will Camp's dismissal as the British Steel Corporation's £10,000-a-year top public relations man come about through a Whitehall plot to oust him, as he has alleged? Or was it an inevitable outcome of some built-in crack in his judgment, a talent for brinkmanship flawed by a susceptibility to vertigo, as his critics, including those inside the Corporation, believe? "Some of us thought Will should have been sacked years ago."

He cultivated journalists and captured newspaper space with a style and panache unrivalled among public relations men. Sometimes he consulted his superiors beforehand just as often, not it was this individualistic, highly combative way he fought the battle, as he saw it, of the nationalised industries he served to free themselves from Whitehall interference, which helped bring about his downfall. Camp's version of his going, because Ministers and Corporation heads have given only brief statements, then gone to ground, still reigns supreme. Only today is it superseded, and only then by Camp's extended version.

This covers his entire P.R. career in British Standards, the Gas Council and steel, and is full of glorious trailers for his final confrontation with Lord Melchett, Chairman of the Corporation, which led to his sack-

ing. Into view, for example, comes the exasperated face of Sir Henry Jones, chairman of the Gas Council, worried about the lengths Camp was going to keep down the price of North Sea gas: "Will, dear Will, if you go on like this I am quite

sure I shan't last here and you might have to go too." Then there is Melchett himself in past years summoning Camp to the chairman's office to discuss some "leak" of steel figures or perhaps the latest row with the Government in that morning's papers: "Did you have to give them that? Was it really a good idea to get that published?"

Camp has receding black hair and an unequal face, with a fine domed forehead and eyes, nose and mouth cramped together under it like cast-off furniture in a basement. American father, Lebanese mother, English boarding school, Coldstream Guards, Oxford narrowly missing a first: "That had a crippling effect on my life. Perhaps I could have done academic work with a political career later, like many Labour politicians."

He was chairman of the University Labour Party, then became increasingly involved in P.R. via the British Travel Association ("Come to Britain") and the British Standards Institution ("Shoppers' Guide"). When he describes his career he does so with painstaking application. Contrary to any popular impression which may have been created in the past week, Camp

is not noticeably impulsive or flamboyant, you do not warm your hands in front of him. He's about as cozy as a razor blade.

This was not, on Camp's account, the brand of steel appeal which endeared him to the civil servants when he was in the van of the Gas Council's fight against the oil companies. Or when, having joined the newly-formed Corporation in 1967, he saw to it that the struggle to run it on business-like

profit-making lines was conducted with the maximum publicity that calculated leaks and indiscretions could bring it. This sometimes alarmed senior Corporation officials, who resented seeing their figures, estimates and views in print without their foreknowledge or consent. They often felt that, quoted out of context, they gave an over-rosy picture of the Corporation's affairs, and they more than once demanded Camp's head. Lord Melchett refused to yield it. Access to the chairman was Camp's great strength; that it was, in effect, the sole source of his authority



WILL CAMP

Department of Trade and Industry ministers Sir John Eden and Nicholas Ridley were determined to get rid of him on several counts: his opposition to their steel carve-up plans, his decision to take his holiday last year helping Mr. Wilson's election campaign, their suspicion (says Camp) that he had inspired articles in *Private Eye* holding them up to ridicule.

Now that he has gone, Camp's view is that Melchett himself may not last out the year. Despite the Government's acceptance of the case for keeping 80 per cent. of the Corporation intact.

On May 24, Camp goes on, the date this acceptance was announced, Melchett summoned him from the restaurant where he was lunching with a journalist in his office. Melchett apologetically referred to alleged leaks of information to the *Financial Times* and *Michael Foot*, Opposition spokesman on fuel and power.

Melchett: "Well, you've done it this time. I think it's almost certain you will have to go and I am pretty sure they will get me out too. You have really let me down totally this time, Will. I don't think it will ever be the same between us again."

Camp tried to give his own defence. Melchett: "Oh, Will, you've always got an explanation. But it's not going to cut any ice this time. They've got us."

Later, Camp claims he knows there was a meeting between Melchett and Ministers, at which reference was made to the inclusion of some comments from *Tribune*, the Left-wing weekly, in Camp's inter-departmental Press bulletin. Camp was not at the meeting, but says he has been told that Eden shouted at Melchett: "This bloody man puts this seditious nonsense into a Press summary."

Then followed days of suspense for Camp and limited

contact with Melchett, until the final interview last Monday. Melchett: "The time has come for a parting of the ways." Camp: "You realise I have no money at all. You have struck me down in the middle of my career at the age of 45. What about compensation?" Melchett: "Oh, discuss that with Peddie" (administrative head).

Camp says he did not write any articles for *Private Eye*, often briefed Eden when he was in Opposition, that his election campaigning was approved within the Board—although it left him open to a charge of blatant careerism—and that he circulated a three-page defence of his actions at the end which never got answered.

He is, even his hardest critics concede, a brave man. But is his self-perspective sound? On the other hand, Ministers have officially denied they put pressure on the Corporation to sack him. Can their statements in any way be reconciled with his account?

Yes, but only on a different view from Camp's of his true relationship with Melchett. On this view, Camp's disadvantage was that he did not come into the Corporation until six months

after its structure and "inner circle" had been firmly settled. Melchett by this time had his own intimates and thus, although he backed Camp as a notable P.R. operator on the Corporation's behalf, he may never have invested in him the absolute trust and confidence accorded to a close ally.

Later, he may have come to regard him as a risky one, and it is perfectly conceivable that while Melchett was certainly under Government pressure on other matters, he may have decided quite independently that the time had come to dump him.

For Camp, it is the end of the dazzling high-wire act. He has no immediate plans, except possibly to bring out his ninth novel and consider, as they say, his future. He published his first in 1957; it was called *Prospects of Love*.

Then followed days of suspense for Camp and limited

Forcing drivers to belt up

By PADDY McGARVEY

A Close-up reporter on his way to the Road Research Laboratory at Crowthorne, Berks, was forced to follow for several miles along narrow country lanes, two young women in a Vauxhall Victor. They were sharing animated conversation.

Both seemed blissfully unaware that a little boy of about three in the back seat had a window full open, was hanging fully out of it from the waist up, "hang-banging" a toy plastic gun at passing motorists. This careless disregard for personal safety, shown here by the women, is far from rare and the psychology involved is puzzling Government and commercial transport advisers concerned in spending millions of pounds on car safety.

Should safety aids be compulsory? Yes, says the Government, announcing it will soon compel two-wheel riders to wear crash helmets by law.

A Government transport aide told Close-up: "We're really after the hard core of the 20 per cent. of motorists, the bigger, faster bikes, who just don't wear them."

On four wheels, or more, our private cars, vans and lorries, the Minister, Mr. John Peyton, has "not closed his mind to compulsion," i.e., mandatory regulations applied to present laws obliging us, under pain of fine, to wear safety belts in vehicles.

Compulsion to wear seat belts in cars by at least the occupants of the two front seats, would cut the number of deaths and serious injuries in Britain by half, down to 15,000, but it is difficult to enforce. The Road Research Laboratory has detected another factor, that some drivers feel unhappy strapped in, and an unhappy driver is always a bad driver.

For the moment, the Austrians look like being the first country to introduce belt compulsion. The Government of Victoria commenced it in January, and New South Wales is thinking of following suit.

The one stage of compulsion that Britain faces is the one-handed strap—a safety belt that is drawn into position and buckled by one movement of a user's hand. Such belts must be fitted to all new cars after

January 1 next. The current Ford Cortina is already fitted with them.

But motorists may soon be faced, quite literally, with a belt so sophisticated that they won't be able to get into their cars without being "automatically" strapped in.

The rough prototypes of this work in conjunction with the inertia-reel sets, with which belt users are now familiar. But the lap and shoulder belts are fixed to the top and bottom edges of the door. The reels for each seat are anchored between them. When the driver or passenger opens the door to get in, he is faced by a y-shaped web of belts which will enfold him as he steps in.

This was a Ford patent, but the company felt that their patent was forcing other companies to try to circumvent theirs. They decided at the same time against holding a patent on a safety device, as distinct from a purely technical automotive improvement for commercial advantage; they gave their patent rights to the Road Research Laboratory, in effect, giving it to the nation.

Road Research continued development work on it, and development of improvements as far as they can, but have now handed it over to Auto Restraint Systems Ltd.

This is a private company set up jointly by Kangor Magnet Ltd., who bring to it their expertise on car seats and belts, and Smith Industries Ltd., experts on the electronics and dashboard area.

One improvement has the belt linked to the reel through a hinged arm—like thread through the eye of a needle. When the door is opened, it opens an electric circuit which drives a tiny motor to lift the arm—and the belt—upward from the driver's lap as he steps in. Shutting the door drops the arm and simultaneously drops the belt around him.

With or without this refinement, or with the ordinary one-handed belt we will have in new cars next year, Auto Restraint have linked belt-usage to an electronic buzzer and a light flasher which will continue to irritate the driver until he connects the belt.

But Ford are a stage ahead of this. They are working on a system linking belt-use to engine ignition, so that a car won't start until a driver "belts up."

You cannot get much more compulsion than that.

From Dallas, Lamar Hunt outlines his battle plans

MAN WHO SPLIT TENNIS

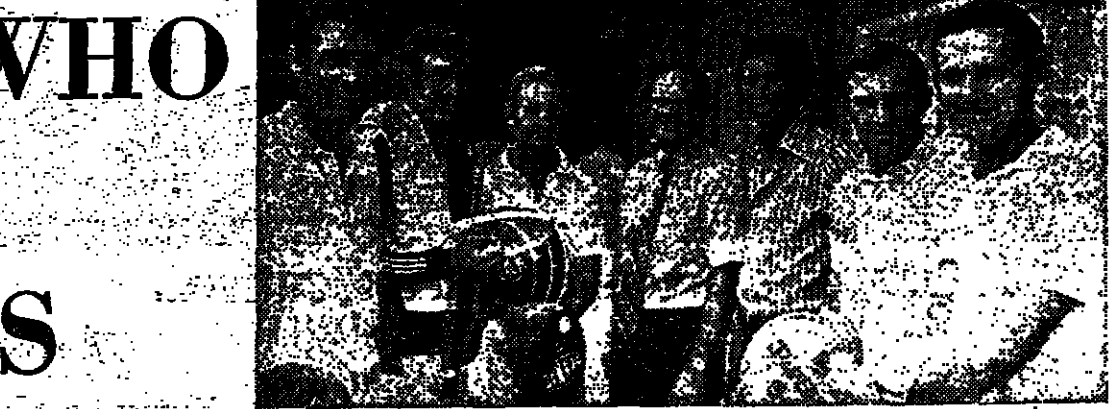
By IAN BALL in New York

"WE'RE in the entertainment business—and it's a business like any other."

Lamar Hunt, the 38-year-old, boyish-faced Texan who is using the millions he has made from family interests in oil and land holdings to propel his Dallas-based World Championship Tennis into a dominant international position in the sport, was speaking "un-self-consciously" when he offered that explanation this week of the bitter aftermath of this year's Wimbledon.

If there was any awareness that millions beyond Dallas still, naively perhaps, look upon national and international sport as the very antithesis of business, it was certainly not discernible in his words.

As a businessman from the city of success and from a family of super-wealth, Lamar Hunt had thrown down the gauntlet to both Wimbledon and



LAMAR HUNT, (centre) with some of his stars. Left to right: Britain's Roger Taylor, Newcombe, Laver, Ashe, Roche & Emerson.

the 96-nation International Lawn Tennis Federation, Wimbledon and the I.L.T.F. had thrown down a gauntlet of their own by banning Mr. Hunt's entire tennis circus—the 32 leading pros of W.C.T.—from taking part in all official tournaments from next January and even from playing on any courts of affiliated members.

The more volatile I.L.T.F. members have talked about open warfare on Mr. Hunt's organisation and urged official world tennis to seize this chance to kill off the promoters once and for all, a 6-0 coup. Each side has accused the other of duplicity. It is all a far cry from the fresh smile and athletic innocence on the centre court of Evansdale, Goolagong.

Mr. Hunt was speaking from a private club at Colorado Springs, to which he had retired with his blonde wife to recuperate after the off-court in fighting at Wimbledon. Ironically, he was relaxing by tennis, the most indifferent of sports.

"I once played a doubles with Tony Roche and we were beaten by two quite mediocre players," he confessed.

Business, Mr. Hunt told me, was looking up. "W.C.T. was in the red in 1968 and again in 1969. Last year we were just in the black, a bit over the break-even point. This year we will be comfortably in the black." The actual profit figure, however, is confidential.

Mr. Hunt feels his detractors are being unjust in suggesting he is out to become Mr. World Sport, a Czar controlling tennis and other profitable spectator and television sports. Among his other sports concerns are the Kansas City Chiefs, which he has built up to be one of the powerhouses of American football, a baseball team, the Dallas-Fort Worth Spurs, the Chicago Bulls, his basketball team and the Dallas Tornados, one of eight professional soccer clubs struggling to popularise the game in America.

Soccer, to Mr. Hunt, is a promising growth industry. "It's going to take practically a generation in America—it's an educational job. Perhaps in five or ten years we shall be arriving at the breaking even point. Only a few years ago, soccer was played in only two or three schools in Dallas. Now it is in 25 to 30 schools, and soon, I hope, it will be played in every Dallas school."

This is the fruit of Mr. Hunt's persistence. He estimates that some 80 per cent. of his 17-hour working days are spent on his commercial sporting ventures nowadays and only 20 per cent. on his interests in oil and real estate. "I seem," he says, "to have been bitten with the recreational bug."

Mr. Hunt acknowledges that "we look on sport differently from people in other parts of the world." Wimbledon, the French championships and even Forest Hills are among those "other parts," each a seemingly unassailable bastion of the tennis establishment.

Yet those who have seen what a determined Hunt can do, have marvelled at the self-assuredness of the new breed of American businessman whose credo is that any desired end can be attained with the proper injection of cash, the right management and skilful promotion, are not willing to bet that the establishment will take both the intermediate battles and the final victory.

The Texan feels he was shabbily treated in the public presentation of his row with the I.L.T.F. and Wimbledon. "They were saying that we were even demanding a percentage of the car park," he told me.

"In the eight-day meeting, we discussed many different proposals. The federation made a proposal which we didn't consider practical. We then set down our guidelines and I read them on the telephone to Derek Hardwick (of the British L.T.A.). Derek translated these and had them typed up. The next thing we knew they were being given to the Press. They were supposed to be a confidential series of points for discussion, not demands."

To this, Derek Hardwick replied from Switzerland where he has been attending the annual general meeting of the I.L.T.F. "It is absolutely untrue. He knew they would be given to the committee and never made any suggestion they were confidential. As for suggesting they were points for discussion—we discussed them

for 24 hours and got nowhere."

For its part, the Federation feels that Mr. Hunt was guilty of a double-cross when his organisation, on the very eve of the I.L.T.F.'s announcement for its plans for the 1971 Grand Prix, announced a \$1 million 20-Tournament circuit of its own, the World Championship of Tennis for Mr. Hunt's 32 players.

Mr. Hunt said that all he was really seeking from the I.L.T.F. was an arrangement under which his stable of players would participate at Wimbledon, Forest Hills and the French Championships with W.C.T.'s costs being reimbursed by the tournament organisers.

"The players have signed contracts with us and we pay their airfare costs—economy class—wherever they go," he added. "This comes to 20,000 dollars (£8,333) a week when year-round costs are considered, but he has been told that Wimbledon reimburse us for those two weeks. (As a yardstick, the cost of flying Mr. Hunt's circus to London for Wimbledon and maintaining them there for a week is less than one-third of the 1970 earnings of just one of his stars, Rod Laver.)"

The Texan was seemingly ambivalent in his views on what effect the non-appearance of almost all the world's tennis stars would have on next year's Wimbledon.

"The Federation feel they will be able to drive W.C.T. out of business," he told me. "If so, it's a calculated risk on their part."

But later he was suggesting that Wimbledon could do perfectly well on its own. "It has great tradition and great colour. The top stars add to it, but Wimbledon doesn't need help. We wish it well, and are disappointed that our players will not be represented next year. But we must concentrate on professional tennis. We never started out with the idea of playing in established events. We wanted to start our own international tournament."

Mr. Hunt feels that while Wimbledon will survive, it will evolve as a quite different tournament without such players as Laver, Newcombe, Rosewall, Roche and Goolagong. Future Wimbledon, he forecasts, will be much more open, much more unpredictable with younger players getting more of a chance to break into the top international class and more upsets of the type which Miss Goolagong provided.

His Dallas organisation, meanwhile, will be conducting its own championship, the most ambitious in scope ever attempted. The eight tournaments already played have been held in Teheran (before the Shah and all Persian society), Rome (where pro tennis in the marble Ford Italico was a commercial success for the first time ever), Bristol, Sydney, Dallas, Miami, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The remaining 12 tournaments will be staged in Barcelona, Stockholm, Turin and various American and Canadian cities. The finals will be at New York's 20,000-capacity Madison Square Garden in November.

"We don't," says Mr. Hunt, "want to have the best players in the world and play before 5,000 people."

Notice to employers

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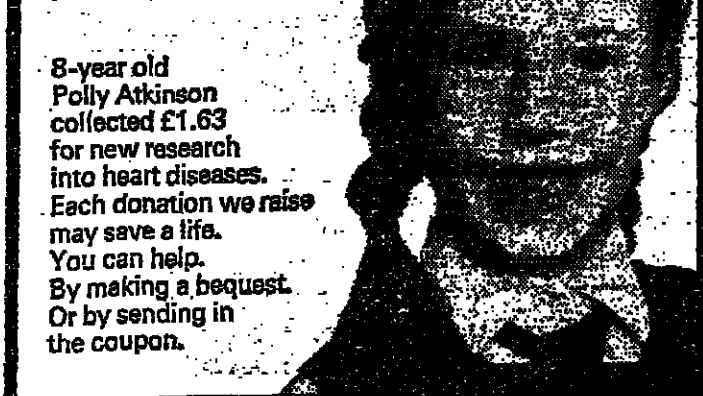
The weekly rates of Selective Employment Tax payable by employers are being halved from 5th July 1971. The new rates will be £1.20 for men, £0.60 for women and boys, and £0.40 for girls. The table below shows the main new Class 1 National Insurance stamp rates, and the unchanged Classes 2 and 3 rates.

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| | Women | £1.40 | £0.03 | £1.43 |
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| | Girls | £0.93 | £0.48 | £1.41 |
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| Contracted out employees | Men | £2.27 | £1.00 | £3.27 |
| | Women | £1.48 | £0.83 | £2.31 |
| 'Special' cards—certain married women and widows | | £1.48 | £0.03 | £1.51 |
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| | Boys | | | |
| | Girls | | | |

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In addition to Controllership, there will shortly be first class vacancies for experienced men in **Management Services** and **Internal Audit** and we invite early applications. Those with experience in data processing, O & M work operational research and in similar fields are of interest to the company, which requires staff of widely varied types.

The prospect

The John Lysaght (Australia) Group, an independently managed organisation (jointly owned by The Broken Hill Proprietary Company Limited and Guest Keen & Nettlefolds Limited of the U.K.) with a present turnover of £100 million in steel sheet and coil, plans to spend more than £400 million in the next decade or so, constructing an integrated steel works at Westport, Victoria. The initial stage of the new development will be the Group's second cold strip plant, costing £45 million, to be commissioned in 1972-73. The Group is already based in all States of the Commonwealth and has some overseas subsidiaries. The product range currently marketed is very wide. Also operations will become progressively more international as a major export plan is implemented.

Applications, including one-page summary of personal details, education, qualifications and experience, should be addressed to: DR. JAMES RISK CA FCWA JDipMA MIMC RISK & PARTNERS LTD., P.O. Box 40, Amersham, Bucks. *Strictest confidence will be observed.*

PRODUCTION CONTROLLER

£3,000 +

Our clients, who are part of a large group, are a medium-sized British Company manufacturing products for the engineering and electrical industries. Now embarked on a programme of expansion, they wish to appoint a Production Controller who will be directly responsible to the Production Director. He will head a department of some 30 people and will control a budget of over £30,000. The man appointed will have a degree, or its equivalent, in Production Engineering; be aged between 25-35, and will have had successful experience in production management, including preferably, batch production control. Location is in an attractive part of South Wales.

Send essential details to:

Mr. O. Tynan,
NORTH PAUL AND ASSOCIATES LIMITED,
49, Queens Gardens, London W2 3AA.
Telephone: 01-723 1102/3.

HOFMANN

AREA SALES REPRESENTATIVES

Due to continued expansion we are seeking to appoint sales representatives. Applicants should be between the ages of 25-45. Previous sales experience in the garage equipment field is essential.

A car is provided, salary commensurate with experience. Applications outlining career to date should be addressed to:

Managing Director,
HOFMANN BALANCING TECHNIQUES LTD.,
44A, Stortford Lane Trading Estate,
Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

Job with scope needs graduate with initiative

If you're a woman with a career in mind, we have just the job for you. As an officer in the RAF you'll be an executive in your own right with highly responsible work that will make the very best of your abilities and potential. The rewards are many. An excellent salary, 6 weeks vacation a year, first-class recreational and sporting facilities, and a whole new life-style in a stimulatingly different environment. Salary range on commissioning is £1168-£1606 p.a.; promotion prospects excellent. Short service commissions are from 4-6 years. The upper age limit is 39. If you would like full details, please write giving date of birth and present and expected qualifications to: Group Captain Marion Tudor, WRAF (HWF1), Ministry of Defence, Adastral House, Theobald's Road, London WC1X 8RU.

be an officer
in the
ROYAL AIR FORCE



American Express I.B.C. SENIOR INSURANCE REPRESENTATIVE at UPPER HEYFORD, OXFORD

Applicant—Male—3 or more years' experience—Motor Ins. Good prospects and salary. For further information apply: Personnel Officer, P.O. Box 5, U.S.A.F. WEST HUNSLY, Mids. Telephone 0451 2747.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN?

He came to us last year with no previous sales experience. We didn't mind. His appearance, ability and desire to improve himself convinced us that he had a future in selling. And so we trained him in all the latest sales methods at our own Training School. And then we released him on to a public that already knew and respected the name of Kalamazoo, one of the world's largest and most successful manufacturers of business systems for the last sixty years. In his first year he has earned, with commission, over £1,700. He expects to make over £2,000 this year. And he's no exception. As Kalamazoo's salesmen, his ability is always rewarded. He also enjoys the benefits of a company car, free pension, sickness and life insurance. And he knows that he's working for a company where promotion is a reality. It comes as a result of our internal promotion scheme, so it's his ability and effort that will decide his future. If you're aged between 24 and 36, of good appearance, and education (5 subjects at G.C.E. is one indication) and if you think you have the personal qualities needed to become a top salesman with a top company, then contact us. And next year the world could be telling stories about your success. Applications in writing and stating brief details of your age, qualifications, etc., should be addressed to: Mr. R. Mercer, KALAMAZOO LIMITED, Northfield, Birmingham, B31 2BW.

Kalamazoo
BUSINESS SYSTEMS

TRAINING OFFICER

for progressive Company in the electronics industry. The man appointed will be fully conversant with the training requirements and procedures of the Engineering Industry Training Board and will be capable of devising training programmes for operative, technician, clerical and supervisory levels through the use of skills analysis techniques. The appointment carries an attractive salary and conditions. Apply, giving details of experience to date, to: Mr. R. Mercer, PERSONNEL MANAGER, BELLING & LEE LIMITED, Great Cambridge Road, Epsom, Middlesex.

Machinefabriek Reineveld N.V., a Manufacturing Corporation at Delft, The Netherlands, invites applications from sales engineers with an experience in the marketing of Capital Equipment to the International Chemical & Food Processing Industry for the position of

export sales manager

for its range of industrial centrifuges including world's biggest units. Working with a small team, the post will involve extensive world-wide travelling. Please apply to Mrs. J. Rombouts, Instituut voor Bedrijfspsychologie, Centraal Station, K 49, Amsterdam.

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Since 1967, when Canada was founded, enterprising and resourceful people from many lands have built this big, young country into one of the world's fastest developing industrial nations. With a modern technological economy, sharing in the continuing economic development of North America, Canada already has one of the highest standards of living in the world. Yet Canada has its own distinctive way of life. Rich in resources, largest country in the Commonwealth, second largest in the world, Canada has years of even greater growth ahead. And, of course, Canada is only a few hours away by air—six days by sea.

If you would like information about working and living conditions in big, young, growing Canada, please post the coupon below to your nearest office.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>CANADIAN GOVERNMENT Manpower & Immigration Service, (Dept. 65 Tel 11/7) BELFAST: 22 North Street, BIRMINGHAM: Rinkside Building, New Street, GLASGOW: Fleming House, 134 Bedford Street, G2, LONDON: 38 Grosvenor St., W1X 6AL, MANCHESTER: Gateway House, Piccadilly South, M2 2JL.</p> | <p>Name _____ Address _____ Occupation _____</p> |
|---|--|

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free training and the
chance to earn £2500
in your twenties

The U.K. Merchant Navy with over 2000 ships in service is one of the largest fleets in the world, and British companies are embarking upon a £1,200 million new ship building programme.

You can become a ship's officer in the Navigating or Engineering branches of this modern, dynamic fleet and be earning £2,500 or more in your twenties. Training at Nautical or Technical College is free, food and accommodation is also free and you receive a generous salary. The first class training leads to a degree or a nationally recognised diploma or certificate. Training lasts 3½-4 years including time at sea. By the end of your training, you'll have seen more of the world than most people do in a lifetime.

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To: G. R. Brown, M.B.E.,
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London EC3N 1LD.



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The Quotations Department wish to appoint an Assistant aged between 23-25 for work in connection with applications for quotation and other Company matters. Candidates for this position should be graduates who have either taken or are taking a recognised course in business studies or have passed the examinations of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries or are students in the course of completing their final examinations. The successful applicant will be given every opportunity to gain experience of Stock Exchange procedures by working in close collaboration with existing senior executives.

The starting salary for this position will be in the region of £1,500 per annum and will be reviewed annually. Non-contributory pension scheme. 3 weeks' holiday is given in a full year. Applicants should write giving details of qualifications and experience to: Personnel Officer, Council of the Stock Exchange, The Stock Exchange, London EC2N 1HP, quoting Ref: ST.

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Babcock-Moxey (Australia) Pty. Ltd. require in Perth, Western Australia, Design Draughtsmen and Engineers for work on Bulk Material Handling Plants, Stackers, Reclaiming Machines. A minimum standard of O.N.G. required and assistance may be given with removal expenses. Men already in process of emigration will be given preference. All usual benefits.

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Mr. G. F. Wilson, c/o Mr. J. M. Nicol,
BABCOCK-MOXEY LIMITED,
Wingless House, Bristol Road, Gloucester, GL1 5RX.

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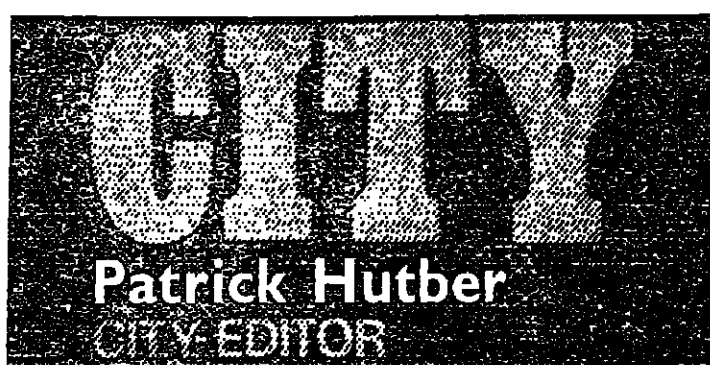
Apply in writing, stating age, experience and present salary to:

Mr. E. E. Rooks, Technical Director,
P. A. MOODY & CO. LTD.,
Wash Road, Hutton, nr. Brentwood, Essex

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Patrick Hutber
CITY EDITOR

112, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.
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BRITAIN HEADING OFF THE LONGSHOREMEN

A LONGSHOREMEN'S strike in the United States this autumn is a cloud no bigger than an American dockworker's hand at the moment, but British exporters are taking no chances.

In the last month or so leading exporters have been increasing their shipments to the United States in an attempt to beat a possible snarl up at the East Coast docks towards the end of August. The West Coast is already on strike, but this affects very little of our business.

American importing houses have sent urgent messages to British manufacturers advising them to send their July and August orders as quickly as possible. The whisky makers, wise in the ways of exporting to the American market, started raising their deliveries last March. Some supplies designed for other realms have had to be switched to American stockpiles. For various reasons the car companies are working at capacity anyway and are unable to make a special effort to beat a possible strike. Other engineering concerns, however, have been pushing up exports in readiness.

British exporters remember all too clearly what happened last time the three-year labour wages contract came up for review. In December 1968 the East Coast docks came to a standstill. The strike lasted over two months. Leading exporters, like the whisky manufacturers,

were well prepared. They had already shipped one over the eight to beat the strike. All they suffered from was a tremendous distortion in their ship figures for months afterwards. But smaller exporters who left their shipments too late were well and truly caught out.

Once bitten... the message from the other side of the Atlantic is not to take chances. Push your orders over as quickly as you can. And for the financial observer it means that if the strike does take place he must keep a close look out for possible distortions in the trade figures for some time to come.



Would you ask Mr. Camp if he's available for another urgent Public Relations job?

Watney is far from home and dry

DEAR Mr. Maxwell Joseph—I have good news for you this morning. You are still in the battle for Trumans with more than a fighting chance of winning.

Everybody seems to think that Watney Mann has made an agreed offer and that the brewers are ganging up on you. They aren't, and the Truman board is not unanimous in its decision to recommend Watney's bid.

It might be stretching the truth to suggest there is a flaming row going on in Trumans over merging with Watney. After all, if you do not come back with a bigger and better offer, the dissidents would be left in a very embarrassing position. But the Truman board is split down the middle, and with good reason.

If Watney Mann takes over Truman Hanbury there will be considerable redundancies in the company. That's pure commercial logic. It is difficult to be precise about the figures but an informed guess is that it could amount to over 20 p.c. of the Truman workforce. If Grand Metropolitan were to take them over there would be no duplication and therefore less need for drastic rationalisation.

Moreover, it cannot be far from the minds of some of the Truman executives that if Maxwell Joseph were to take them under his wing they would be more likely to be left alone to run their own ship. There can hardly be the same assurance with the growth-happy Watney Mann.

Watney Mann position looks very strong. How astute of Watney's to purchase just under 10 p.c. of Truman equity and thus not have to declare it under the Code, and then for Cazenove to scramble in another 9 p.c. on the day Watney Mann announced its offer.

This gives Watney Mann 18.4 p.c. to be starting with, and the Truman directors, family and friends control another 15 p.c.

But note, Mr. Joseph, that

De Veres sets a hot pace

BUSINESS is booming at De Vere Hotels and Restaurant and another record year can be confidently predicted.

This aggressively managed group is bent on expansion, gearing itself up all the time to meet the big growth in tourism.

Last year it added five major hotels which should have a very favourable impact on profits in the current year.

De Vere's record over the past few years has been in tune with the trade generally. Profits have climbed sharply in each of the past six years and in 1970 topped the £1 million mark.

A further boost to earnings should come in the current year. The extension of many of the group's hotels. It is also building a new 210-bedroom hotel in Coventry, designed to attract the profitable conference business.

An expanding group such as De Vere requires strict financial control and so far the board has shown a flair for financing its various projects. It remains confident of its ability to raise the long term funds to finance future growth: cash flow is adequate for internal programmes (thanks in part to some hefty dividend waivers) while relative to its quoted rivals, De Vere is still undergeared on its equity base.

Although hotels are by far the biggest contributors to profits, the group's expanding restaurant chain is going very well. In addition, there is a property side playing an increasing role in De Vere's fortunes. It has always had a shrewd eye for a property

deal and only last week it sold the Garrick Hotel on the corner of Charing Cross Road for more than £1.2 million; it is said to have originally bought this site for a song.

De Vere may not be first on the institutions shopping list for the fashionable hotel sector of the market. But relative to some of the competition, it is scoring heavily. The price-earnings ratio could come down this year to around the 14½ mark. And that's not expensive as the Barclay Bank Pension Fund will no doubt endorse. They've just bought in heavily.

Heading for the 700?

WHERE is the stock market going next? For some months I have not disguised my opinion that it is going up, and now there is some reinforcement for my view.

With a well-assumed air of reluctance economic forecasters James Morrell and Associates have come out with a rationalisation of the next bull market. They start by forecasting a 50 p.c. rise in earnings per share between now and 1974—modest enough I should have thought in view of the rough times of the past 10 years.

Then they put the F.T. index on a 20 times p.e. ratio at the height of bull market euphoria compared with the current 16 times. Presto! A 50 p.c. rise in earnings and a 25 p.c. rise in p.e. produce together an 87 p.c. rise in share prices and the index at 700.

Oh happy day! If I take this seriously it is because forecasts of profits are, as I know from our own Business Forecast, more reliable than other sections of the equation.

Could they be wrong? Only I think if Eliot Janeway is right about his Wall Street warning that we print on page 28. I print Eliot as a worthy contribution to the debate but, though I respect his analysis on this occasion, I am not convinced by the conclusion.

In particular, the one constant relationship I know is that easy money means higher share prices, tight money lower share prices. In both America and Britain, much easier money has yet to work its way through into share prices. All the same, I recognise that Wall Street could be the fly in the ointment.

CONSIGNING BLMC TO THE DUSTBIN

WHAT do you think of when you hear the name Sir Malby Crofton? Almost certainly dustbins, since he sprang to fame with his struggle against the embattled refuse collectors of Kensington.

But he has another role as a partner in stockbrokers Fenn and Crofton, and it may not generally be recognised that their exceptionally elegantly-written and lucid Monthly Letters flow from his pen.

It is possible to admire Malby without always backing his judgment. During the dustbin row, he conducted an about battle and shells from his bombardment fell thick and fast. But did they wreak the most devastation among the dustmen or among the unemployed citizens of Kensington?

So with his Monthly Letters. The current one contains a characteristically enthusiastic "sell" recommendation for British Leyland, mainly on the grounds that Lord Stokes' enthusiasm for the Common Market is misplaced. I happen to know that behind that enthusiasm lies, not naive belief, but extremely thorough long-term research.

The basis of the assessment is this: although a substantial increase in U.K. sales is expected over the next decade, Britain is likely to continue to be rather a weak base with, by 1980, car sales at only about the same level as Germany achieved in 1969.

In addition, until recently imports took a smaller proportion of our market than in all the major Western European countries. As the proportion moves up, as it is bound to,

towards the European average of 20-25 p.c., Leyland will be doing well if it maintains its 40 p.c. plus share of the market. Consequently the company has no choice but to become more rather than less international in its marketing strategy. Leyland expects overseas business to take a larger share of a very much larger total than today, and within this it expects that the biggest export market and the fastest growing for them will be Western Europe.

By the end of the 1970s it may be taking as many Leyland cars as the U.K. itself. Indeed, even by 1975 it expects to be selling around 500,000 cars a year in Europe, twice as many as today.

It seems a little hard therefore, when Sir Malby talks of a tremendous front of confidence about British entry. It has in fact been making tremendous preparations with its plants in Belgium, Spain and Italy.

Fenn's are, I suppose, entitled to be still not convinced that Leyland has a sufficiently good management in depth. Time alone will tell, but after the feat of the Marina, it is less rational to doubt whether it can produce enough competitive new models sufficiently quickly. From now on they will be coming at the rate of one or two a year. Finally it is downright wrong to say that it is small in relation to Fiat and Renault.

In short, I think Malby has got a bad attack of Common Market nerves. As for myself, I have been prematurely optimistic about Leyland in the past; but I would hate to abandon my optimism when things, just possibly, might be beginning to come right.

TECALEMIT LIMITED

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

| Year to 31st March | 1971 | 1970 |
|------------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| Sales | £11,233,142 | £10,848,404 |
| Profit on Trading | 1,045,203 | 731,188 |
| Interest Payable | 170,972 | 150,756 |
| Profit before Taxation | 874,231 | 580,432 |
| Taxation | 343,279 | 270,619 |
| Profit after Taxation | £530,952 | £309,813 |
| Appropriations: | | |
| Dividends (Gross): | | |
| Preference | 26,250 | 26,250 |
| Ordinary—Interim—5½% (4½%) | 82,500 | 67,500 |
| —Proposed Final—10½% (9½%) | 157,500 | 142,500 |
| | 266,250 | 236,250 |
| Retained Profit for the Year | £264,702 | £73,563 |

Copies of the Report & Accounts and Chairman's Statement can be obtained from the Secretary, Tecalemit Limited, Maidenhead, Berkshire, SL6 3AQ.

Crescent International

Ten questions every sophisticated investor should investigate.

1. Why Should I Consider Investing World-wide?

World-wide investment offers you the opportunity to gain advantage from the greater economic growth of other areas in the world. The chart below indicates that these trends should continue.

Average annual growth rates (constant 1963 prices and exchange rates)*

| | 1952-58 | 1958-65 | 1965-70 | 1970-75* |
|---------------|---------|---------|---------|----------|
| Belgium | 5.6 | 4.8 | 4.2 | 4.4-4.9 |
| France | 4.5 | 4.6 | 2.8 | 4.4-4.9 |
| Germany | 2.1 | 6.0 | 4.8 | 4.4-4.9 |
| Italy | 2.1 | 6.0 | 4.8 | 4.4-4.9 |
| Netherlands | 4.8 | 5.3 | 5.0* | 4.4-4.9 |
| Spain | 2.0 | 5.3 | 5.0* | 4.4-4.9 |
| Japan | 7.0 | 10.9 | 12.1 | 10.3 |
| United States | 2.2 | 4.7 | 3.2 | 4.9 |

*1965-69 Projections of growth by EEC or OECD. Figures taken from the Economist, June 26th, 1971.

2. Is It Easy To Invest World-wide?

For an individual investor, sadly no! The technicalities are so complex—exchange control, foreign tax, the specialist investment knowledge required for each market and, of course, the need for an organisation that can instantly take advantage of investment opportunities as they occur. All this makes world-wide investment extremely difficult for the individual.

3. How Then, Can I Take Advantage of World-wide Investment?

By Investing in Crescent International Fund. Crescent International Fund is a straightforward U.K. Unit Trust authorised by the Department of Trade and Industry. Its Trustee is The Royal Bank of Scotland and its declared aim is to achieve long-term capital appreciation from a select portfolio of world-wide growth investments.

4. How Is It That Crescent International Can Invest Successfully In Overseas Markets?

The Fund is managed by Edinburgh Fund Managers Ltd., a team of investment managers whose organisation has been developed from over 70 years of successful overseas investment. The team currently manage investments worth over £75m. A reciprocal dollar loan is used allowing investments to be made without undue exposure to the dollar premium. It is the skill and long experience of this team that makes world-wide investment through CRESCENT INTERNATIONAL FUND such an attractive proposition.

5. Is Crescent International Flexible?

Very flexible—the number of holdings is relatively small and funds can readily be switched from one country to another as conditions change.

6. Where Is The Fund Invested?

As at 1st July, 1971 CRESCENT INTERNATIONAL FUND was invested in the following proportions (ignoring uninvested cash): U.S.A. 31.5%, U.K. 27.4%, JAPAN 20.4%, EUROPE 9.1%, SINGAPORE 4.5%, AUSTRALIA 4.0%, CANADA 3.1%.

7. Do I Get Income From The Fund?

This is an accumulator fund. Dividends are automatically re-invested thus increasing the value of your units. A notional distribution is made on the 15th of August annually when tax certificates are forwarded to Unitholders. The current estimated gross yield is 0.93%.

8. What Is The Minimum I Can Invest?

£250 initially. Thereafter a minimum of £10 at any one purchase. There is no upper limit.

A monthly non-contractual savings plan is also run, minimum £5 savings per month (continue as long as you like; stop when you like), and a very attractive unit linked assurance scheme in conjunction with Royal Insurance. Just tick the box in the coupon for further details of either of these schemes.

9. What Is Crescent International's Record to Date?

The fund has shown growth of 38% in its first year. Launched at an offer price of 25p per Unit on 3rd July 1970, the offer price on 3rd July 1971 was 34.6p. Past record is not necessarily a guide to the future. The Managers, however, are confident that their investment policy is soundly based and will result in long term capital growth. Investors should remember that the price of Units and the income from them may go down, as well as up.

10. Why Should I Invest in Crescent International Now?

Crescent International Fund was launched in July, 1970 because the Managers thought investment conditions were favourable. The first year's growth has substantiated this belief and with the probability of recovery in the economies of the world's leading industrial nations, the Managers still consider that now is a favourable time for further investment. They are therefore making this fixed price offer of Units at 34.9p which closes on 16th July, 1971.

Think World-Wide, Invest World-Wide with Crescent International Fund

GENERAL INFORMATION: Crescent International Fund is authorised by the Department of Trade & Industry and is constituted by a Trust Deed dated 25th June, 1970.

The Trustee is The Royal Bank of Scotland Limited. Applications for Units should be made on the coupon provided or by telephone or letter. Authorised agents receive a commission of 1½% on all applications bearing their stamp.

The Offer price includes an initial service charge not exceeding 5% plus a small rounding up adjustment. Units are always readily available at a price based on the value of shares owned by the Fund. The Managers undertake to re-purchase Units at any time at not less than the bid price calculated in accordance with Department of Trade & Industry regulations. The price of Units may be checked by reference to The Financial Times and certain other leading newspapers.

An annual charge of 37½p per £100 of the Fund's capital value is deducted to defray management expenses, including Trustee's fees. Dividends are not distributed: all income is re-invested in the Fund automatically to increase the capital value of Units.

Offer of Units in the Crescent International Fund at 34.9p each until Friday 16th July, 1971

An Accumulator Fund aimed at world wide capital growth.

To: The Edinburgh Securities Company Limited, 4 Melville Crescent, Edinburgh EH3 7JB.

I/We wish to invest the sum of £ /

at the offer price of 34.9p per Unit (Minimum investment is £250 and multiples of £10 thereafter). After the close of this Offer, Units will be available at the current daily price.

My Remittance is enclosed payable to The Edinburgh Securities Company Ltd. APPLICATIONS WILL NOT BE ACKNOWLEDGED, but certificates will be despatched within 28 days following the close of this offer.

I/We declare I am/We are not resident outside the U.K. or scheduled territories, nor acquiring these Units as the nominee(s) of any person(s) resident outside those territories. (If you are unable to make this declaration it should be deleted and the form lodged through your Bank, Stockbroker or Solicitor, in the United Kingdom.)

All joint holders must sign. Units cannot be registered in the name of minors (under 18).

Title (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) Surname(s)

Full Christian Names BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

Address(es)

Date Usual Signature(s)

Please tick for further information: about Crescent Non-contractual Savings Plans ☐ about Crescent Unit-linked assurance scheme ☐

The Edinburgh Securities Company Limited, 4 Melville Crescent, Edinburgh EH3 7JB. Tel: 031-226 4931 (A member of the Association of Unit Trust Managers)

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Unit trusts incur heavy handling costs when they accept a large number of small investors. Schroder Capital and Income Funds, which are authorised unit trusts, offer larger investors the benefit of lower charges, by excluding subscriptions of less than £2,500.

The initial charge is a mere 1% (waived altogether for subscriptions of £20,000 upwards) compared with up to 5% for many other unit trusts. The difference between buying and selling prices is only 2½%, compared with 5% or more for most other trusts. The annual charge is 1%.

But your greatest benefit is direct management by merchant bankers Schroder Wagg, who have a long record of successful investment for multi-million pound funds. Markets fluctuate and unit prices and the income from them can fall as well as

rise, but over the years the trend has been upwards. And Schroders are well equipped to maintain their high performance standards.

Units are available on Stock Exchange Settlement Days, usually every other Tuesday. On 6th July 1971 the offer prices of income and accumulation units in Schroder Capital Fund were 99.7p and 103.7p respectively and the estimated gross yield was 2.26%. The offer prices of income and accumulation units in Schroder Income Fund were 109.7p and 118.6p respectively and the estimated gross yield was 4.86%. The next opportunity to buy units will be on 20th July, 1971.

You can also invest in a Schroder Equity Bond, a single premium policy, or a Schroder Equity Savings Plan, a monthly premium policy. Both policies can be linked to either Fund.

Application for Schroder Capital and Income Fund Units or for further information

Schroder Capital and Income Funds

Managed by J. Henry Schroder Wagg & Co. Limited, merchant bankers, Trustee: Lloyds Bank Limited.

To Unit Trust Department, J. Henry Schroder Wagg & Co. Limited, 120 Cheapside, London EC2V 6DS

I wish to invest in units as shown below at the price ruling on the next subscription day. Minimum initial subscription £2,500

Schroder Capital Fund

Sum to be invested

Income Units £

Accumulation Units £

Schroder Income Fund

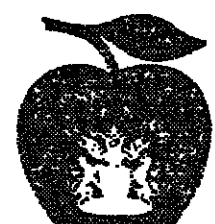
Sum to be invested

Income Units £

Accumulation Units £

*Not income automatically reinvested.

Subscription days when units can be bought from or repurchased by the Managers are on Stock Exchange Settlement Days.



I/We declare that I am/we are 18 years of age or over and that I am/we are not resident outside the Scheduled Territories and that I am/we are not acquiring these units as the nominee of any person(s) outside these territories.

Signature Date

Do NOT send any money until you receive a contract note showing the exact amount due.

Forename(s)

Surname (Mr. Mrs. Miss)

(BLOCK CAPITALS) Address

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Deciding the shape of Europe for a generation

THIS week we are devoting two full pages to an analysis of the economic case entering the Common Market as set out in the verbatim White Paper.

make no apology for probing so serious and indeed a read on a hot summer morning in what is really the "silly season" of the year. The White Paper is a masterpiece of clarity and logic, and it is a pity that it is not more widely read.

On this page and page 24, we have analysed the economic case for the White Paper in a manner which I hope will be of help to those who are undecided on what is involved, on the Government's handling of the matter and on how I personally feel about the problem. The first and most important thing that even a City Editor

has to say is that the economic issues are not ultimately the most important aspects. The Treaty of Rome is concerned with economic co-operation, but when the Six signed it they were absolutely clear that economic co-operation was a means to an end. Through closer trade ties, through acquiring the habit of co-operating in economic matters they hoped to achieve co-operation in many wider political spheres. No one can pretend they have found it easy, but without the economic co-operation they would have found it harder still.

That is why the decision must ultimately be one about what we hope Britain's place in the world will be, and the sort of Europe, and the sort of world that we would like to see. It is wholly legitimate to do the economic sums and calculate the financial price. I believe the terms are good. But were they not, still be possible to believe that we ought to go in.

The decision is not a marginal one, to be decided by a close weighing of a gain here and a loss there—though we should

make ourselves clearly aware of what the gains and losses are. Contrary to what Mr. Wilson appears to think, we are not deciding whether we can afford to go to a Blackpool boarding house for our holidays; we are deciding the shape of Europe for a generation.

That is why I am sure the Government is right to try to make the White Paper a clarion call rather than a bookkeeping exercise. It is presenting a case and it seems to me to do so honestly. Already there is an attempt to discredit it because when it regards a result as unquantifiable it declines to quantify it. Surely this is a more sensible approach than that of the previous White Paper, which gave disarmingly precise figures some of which seemed wrong at the time, and others of which have proved to be hopelessly out since.

Then there is the strange argument heard on some Opposition mouths, that it would be nice to go in, but we happen to be too "weak" at the moment. The balance of payments is certainly not the only test of economic strength, but I find it difficult to believe that we are "weaker" now with a £300 million surplus in the bag for the first six months of this year than we were in 1967 when Mr. Wilson decided not to take "no" for an answer. And in any case we are really weaker now than the European nations were in 1957. And was it not the consciousness then of their weakness that made them decide to found the Common Market? I don't believe that horse will run. By chance, at the same time as I was reading the White Paper

I had by me a new book called Britain's Economic Prospects Reconsidered. Three years ago the famous Brookings Report was produced giving the view of a group of eminent American economists on the reasons for Britain's slow rate of economic growth.

This new volume is a sequel. It reports a conference held just after the General Election and

By Patrick Huther

attended by both British and American economists to review the findings of the Report. Alas, the economists were much better at description than prescription, or as the chairman Sir Alec Cairncross put it: "The Conference was long on analysis but short on policy." But a number of fascinating points do emerge.

As Sir Alec points out most explanations of Britain's slow growth rate follow lines that might be equally valid if applied to other countries. Suppose, he said, that the conference had met in Italy and had addressed itself, in the absence of statistics, to the question why economic growth in Italy was so disappointing (which of course it is not). It is easy to imagine the ingenuity with which explanations would have been found in governmental mismanagement, inappropriate social attitudes, class differences, inadequate educational systems and the rest of the catechism of

British backwardness. He goes on: "There are few features of British economic life that could not be paralleled elsewhere, whether the factors are judged healthy or unhealthy from the limited point of view of economic growth. What is different is the mixture. Presumably the things that make against growth are more heavily concentrated here or the things that make for it have become more diluted."

That, I think, is why one hopes that entering the Market may change the mixture. And if entry won't, what will?

The second point which emerges clearly from the Conference is that growth has its price. Sir Alec says: "What the Government does in adopting expansionist policies has little or nothing to do with the strength of the public's desire for material growth measured in terms of what it will give up to achieve it." Elsewhere Mr. Michael Foster points out that faster growth requires greater investment and that the investment necessary for an extra 1/2 p.c. growth in G.D.P. per year might quite possibly be obtained only by abandoning most of the normal year-to-year growth in consumption.

The point I am making is that any method of obtaining faster growth has its price, and it is wholly wrong to consider the price of Europe in isolation as though any alternative course were costless. The cost of not going in could be much heavier, and certainly the pain of alternative methods of achieving faster growth would not be less. But finally I come back to a point I have made on this page before. I want a decision that I can justify to my children 20 years from now.

*Allen & Unwin, £3.25 cloth, £1.90 paper.

The Dutton-Forshaw Group Limited



RECORD PROFITS

Salient points from the Statement by the Chairman, Mr. R. Dutton-Forshaw, for the year ending 31st December, 1970

The Group net profit before tax is £735,701, an increase of £256,304 over the previous year's profit of £479,397. The contribution to the net profit for the period from 1st June, 1970, to the end of the year from the acquisition during the year of Voss Motors Limited amounted to £12,458. Accordingly the profit excluding the acquisition would have been £723,243, being an increase of £243,846 (31 per cent.) over 1969. This substantial increase in profit has been due not only to improved trading conditions generally, but also to a considerable extent to the effect of the process of rationalisation to which I referred in my last Annual Statement. In particular 1970 has seen a major contribution to Group profits from the Loxhams Garages Group and from Murray & Charleston. After providing for Tax and deducting minority interests, there is left net profit after tax attributable to the Group of £406,879. An interim dividend of 5 per cent was paid in December, 1970, and your Directors now recommend a final dividend of 11 per cent, making a total distribution for the year of 16 per cent (1969, 14 per cent). I referred in my last Statement to substantial Capital Expenditure which had been authorised by the Board during 1969. Much of this work has been carried out in 1970. In particular Loxhams Garages of Blackpool have purchased the freehold of a two-acre site situated in the industrial area of Blackpool on which they have built a modern servicing depot for Triumph, Jaguar, Daimler and Rover cars, a spare parts department carrying parts for these makes, a motorists supermarket, and a forecourt. Business commenced there on 1st November, 1970, and is building up rapidly. During the year we found that the Service Station of Charles Pollett at Hampstead was proving inadequate to our needs. We have accordingly sold the Hampstead premises and have taken a lease of larger premises in St. John's Wood. These premises will give us about twice as much floor space as at Hampstead. In addition the showroom at Berkeley Street has been modernised and a new front installed.

Future Prospects

I said in my last Statement that our future prospects depended on the availability of new cars and that this in turn depended on the troubled labour relations in the industry. This is still the case, but since then we have had a change of Government, and we must hope that the Industrial Relations Bill will eventually produce a more stable labour climate. In the meantime, subject to this, and to the general economic conditions of the country, I have every confidence in the future of your Group. This confidence is confirmed by the results disclosed by our management accounts for the first four months of 1971 which show a substantial increase in profits compared with the corresponding period in 1970. The 1971 profits will also benefit materially from the reduction in the Bank Rate, together with the lower rate of Corporation Tax. As I mentioned last year, it remains the policy of your Board to expand the Group by organic growth and by suitable acquisitions, a number of which are at present under active consideration. With this in mind I am requesting your approval to a further increase of £500,000 in the authorised share capital.

Common Market: the economic summing up

By DONALD LAST AND LEITH McGRANDLE

SECURITY AND PROSPERITY are the key words in the opening paragraphs of the Government's White Paper on European entry, "The United Kingdom and the European Communities". The basic argument for signing the Rome Treaty is that Britain will be more secure and prosperous if she goes into the Common Market, than if she stays out.

The White Paper poses three vital questions:

- 1—Britain lives by trade. Will trading conditions be better for us if we join the European Communities or worse?
- 2—Revaluations, devaluations and the emergence of new economic powers are causing fundamental shifts in world trading patterns. Will we have more influence on events inside in the Community or outside?
- 3—Suppose we do not go into Europe. Is there a better hole to go to?

The answers to these three questions, argues the White Paper, point compellingly to joining the European Community. This is the economic case for membership. At the same time it is one of the fundamental political arguments for joining Europe.

Economic case

THE CENTRAL question is membership will affect the future of our economy. For many years Britain has faced similar problems: a balance of payments, poor industrial investment record and a low growth rate. As a result, Britain's living standards are lagging behind those of the E.E.C.

The White Paper invites us to study the experience of the Six. The elimination of tariffs in the E.E.C. says the White Paper, has stimulated trade among E.C. partners. It is estimated that by 1969 the value of intra-trade in manufactured products was about 50 p.c. higher than it would have been had the E.C. not been formed.

Those E.E.C. industries that imported from outside the Community had to seek ways of cutting costs and increasing their efficiency. By the same token, prospects for exporters dramatically improved. Both had the effect of stimulating investment and productivity, leading to higher growth rates. In the period 50-69 the Six devoted 24 p.c. of their G.N.P. to investment whereas the figure for Britain is 17 p.c.

The rapid growth in productivity led to rapid growth in earnings. The White Paper points out that in 1969 average earnings in Britain were similar to those in France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, and all over half as high again as in Italy. By 1969 average earnings in Italy had caught up with British earnings, and in the Community countries, earnings were now between a quarter and half higher on average than those in Britain.

In real terms, allowing for price increases, British earnings rose by 40 p.c. in the period 58/69, whereas in the E.E.C. they went up by no less than 70 p.c.

This, then, is the answer to question Number 1. Trading conditions ought to be far more favourable to growth if we go to Europe. The effects of membership on this industry will stem principally from the creation of an enlarged European market by the removal of tariffs. Manufacturers will be operating in a domestic market, perhaps five times as large as at present, in which tariff barriers cannot be set up against them however all they do. There will be radical changes in planning conditions and sales promotion. Conditions will favour specialisation, exploitation of the economies of scale, developing new products, and increasing investment.

We must consider the penalty of not entering Europe. If we do not go in the E.E.C. industries will have a "domestic market" of some 150 million people, with

preferential markets in other European and overseas countries. Our industries will have a home market of 55 million people, with perhaps another 35 million in E.F.T.A. If we go in our "domestic market" will be some 280 million people.

If a rate of growth of national income of 1 p.c. higher were to be achieved as a result of membership, by the end of the five years our national income would be some £1,100 million higher in the fifth year.

It is not just a question of a more prosperous economy. Almost more important implications of the White Paper is the danger of staying out. Britain will have a falling voice in world councils if she does not join a bigger grouping.

If we remained outside the Communities, we should have to maintain our national interests and develop our national resources on a narrower base, says the White Paper. No doubt we could do this, but the task of doing so would impose progressively heavier burdens on us, and would become progressively more difficult, as European political and economic unity proceeded without us in a neighbouring Community several times our size.

We have grown accustomed to the political and military predominance in the world of two super-powers whose strength is based on their great strategic resources. A third-China is emerging in the Far East. In economic affairs, the European Communities and Japan are also well on the way to super-power status. In the IMF and the GATT, and in many other ways which set the pattern of international economic life, the three economic super powers that are emerging in the non-Communist world will increasingly and inevitably be the decisive influences. Individually no European country can ensure that its voice is heard; collectively, as the Six have shown already in the Kennedy Round, the voice of the Communities cannot be ignored. If we join, therefore, we shall be making sure that British trade and manufacturing interests are represented at the summit of the negotiations where the terms on which we earn our living are decided.

Accepting that we cannot live as an island to ourselves if we are to maintain our security and livelihood, is there a practical alternative to the Common Market? The Government's answer is unequivocal. There is no alternative grouping of countries with similar circumstances and interests which could offer us the same opportunities to safeguard our national security and prosperity. A North Atlantic Free Trade Area has been suggested from time to time; but the United States with its great business corporations would be so dominant a partner in any such arrangement that we as members would find our economy increasingly tied to theirs and our political choices therefore increasingly determined by theirs as well. Nor has such a grouping interested successive United States Administrations.

continued on P24

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- * Your Board is of the opinion that the value of the Group's assets exceeds book value and plans a revaluation this year embracing particularly the substantial residential section of the portfolio last valued in 1967.
- * As a consequence of the attitude of Governments to the residential landlords your Board has concentrated most of its efforts in the commercial field. Developments planned or in hand provide for forms of commercial use where a realistic return can be obtained.
- * Future prospects are good. We offer a valuable service in providing accommodation in many fields for which demand continues unabated: when leases expire rents are found to be substantially in excess of those at which the premises were let 7 or 14 years previously, thus providing for shareholders an excellent hedge against inflation. Your Board are actively considering a number of further developments which have exciting prospects.

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| | 1971 | 1970 |
|-----------------------------------|------------|------------|
| Gross revenue from properties | 1,373,600 | 1,321,800 |
| Gross Income from all sources | 1,475,600 | 1,451,500 |
| Profit before taxation | 418,500 | 402,100 |
| Surplus for the year | 312,600 | 273,900 |
| Total ordinary dividend (gross) | 241,600 | 211,400 |
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continued from P.21

who have made it clear that they would prefer to see us as members of a stronger and more united Europe than as a satellite of the United States.

Nor does the Commonwealth by itself offer us, or indeed wish to offer us, alternative and comparable opportunities to membership of the European Community, says the White Paper.

The member countries of the Commonwealth are widely scattered in different regions of the world and differ widely in their political ideas and economic development. With the attainment of independence, their political and economic relations with the United Kingdom in particular have greatly changed and are still changing. They have developed and are still developing with other countries trade and investment arrangements which accord with the requirements of their basic geographical and economic circumstances. The United Kingdom's share of the trade of the Commonwealth has declined sharply over the last decade.

COMMENT.—The argument that we must join the Community to preserve our security and vital economic interests is a matter of judgement. We happen to think it is one of the clinching arguments for entry.

The other leg of the economic case, the so-called "dynamic effects," that by joining a richer, faster-growing group a mysterious growth ingredient X will be transplanted in us, is more contentious. Kaldor has made the most penetrating attack on this proposition. He argues that growth depends principally upon expansion in manufacturing, which induces aggressive export ability, which breeds further growth. The income created by exports boosts home consumption which in turn stimulates domestic industry and services. It's the virtuous circle.

He believes that because of that Agricultural Policy we may find the price of devaluing too high, and unless we devalue we cannot compete, and if we can't compete we're not going to enter the virtuous circle. He has a further ancillary point that the Common Market countries had substantial farming / foreign workers on and we don't. This is a very important observation. We haven't got the same reserves to draw on. Our miracle will have to come much more from squeezing out the incompetent and switching resources to the competent.

On the other hand, with 800,000 people rising to one million people out of work, plus hidden unemployment among women who have been forced to retire, there is no lack of spare labour at the moment. In that sense we could hardly be better poised for European entry.

The basic weakness in the Kaldor case is that he is forecasting something that is six years away. There are too many uncertainties and factors invol-

COMMON MARKET ECONOMIC SUMMING UP

ved to be dogmatic about the initial impact. Many economists pour scorn on the "dynamic effects" arguing that they're unproven. But what they are really saying is that they can't be proven because they cannot be quantified. That is not to say, however, they don't exist. There can be no denying the very rapid increase in trade between EEC member countries, nor the quickening growth in labour productivity in the years 1958/69 in the EEC compared with outsiders.

You will hear the argument that EEC's growth rate has fallen since 1958 and other OECD countries growth has risen since then. Douglas Jay employs this and so does Kaldor. But "other OECD countries" includes Japan and any group going is going to look pale against another that includes Japan. The EEC has grown, and is growing, much faster than we are. That is what matters.

Cost of entry

THE COSTS of joining the Community are the price we should have to pay for the economic and political advantages.

They arise in three ways. First we have to contribute to the common Community budget which principally goes towards paying for support to European farmers. The net cost of this by 1977 is estimated at £200 million. Secondly, we are going to have to pay more for our imported food. Just how much depends on how far British farm output expands in response to the higher prices. By 1977 it may be £50 million.

Thirdly, there may be a price to pay for the cut in tariffs and loss of Commonwealth preference. The Government does not believe this can be quantified in terms of its effect upon the balance of payments. They are confident that this effect will be

positive and substantial, as it has been for the E.E.C.

COMMENT.—Unlike the last White Paper which went into great detail on the anticipated costs of entry, this one is extremely coy. The Labour government's estimate of the final cost was that it could range from £100 million to £1,100 million. This White Paper sketches such forecasts.

The Government obviously lays itself open to the charge that it is trying to conceal a potentially painful burden on the balance of payments. But the very width of the estimate shows how fragile any prognostications are likely to be.

1.—The most important ascertainable cost is the contribution to the Common Market budget. By the 1969's this could be in the region of £400 million. That means, crudely, that another £400 million of resources that would have been available have got to be pushed into exports to pay for it. But as the gap between Common Market prices and world food prices narrows, the cost falls. Who is to say what the gap will be in 1969?

Also it is impossible, as the White Paper points out, to forecast the likely sources of food supply on which levy and duty estimates depend.

2.—The cost of tariff changes is possible to estimate. But what effect is present inflation trends in this country vis-à-vis EEC and third markets, going to have on competition in Europe and the rest of the world? What impact is the loss of commonwealth preferences going to have on old Commonwealth customers? How fast will they move away? What happens to the EFTA countries? How will they react to us? What is going to happen to world trade over this period? Is the US likely to become more protectionist? Will there be fresh tariff negotiations under GATT? Simply to list some of the factors that are likely to impact on our trade balance demonstrates the absurdity of trying to put a hard figure on this element in the cost of entry.

Moreover £200 million is chickenfeed against total foreign trade currently £16,500 million (real terms).

All one can say is that there is certainly going to be an extra burden on the balance of payments at the end of the transitional period rather than a benefit. How might this be met? An extra 1% p.a. on growth rate would pay for it. But the joker in the pack is the exchange rate. Lord Kesteven forecasts that we shall have to devalue within a year is wild talk. But the Government cannot approach the EEC with a closed mind on adjusting sterling to help us meet part of the bill. This is part of the...

Problem of sterling

THE WHITE PAPER tells us no more than we already know. The Government envisages an "orderly and gradual" run-down of official sterling balances after our accession. After entry we shall discuss ways and means of achieving a progressive alignment of the external characteristics of sterling in relation to the Common Market countries. Meanwhile sterling balances are to be stabilised. These developments

The cost of living

THE WHITE PAPER estimates that the rise in average retail food prices during the transitional period would be about 2% new price in the 2 each year. The cost of living as a whole would rise by 1-2 each year. The White Paper suggests that it may even be less because lower prices for manufactured goods (like washing machines and refrigerators) would offset some of the rise. On the food side the heaviest increases are expected in beef and butter, but milk, fish and tea should show little change while some items in the shopping basket, like fruit, should be cheaper.

COMMENT.—The cost of living figures in the White Paper have been revised considerably from those in the 1970 paper. The Government now estimates that the housewife's food bill will go up by 15 p.c. between now and 1978 because of entry

to the Common Market against estimates of 18 p.c. to 26 p.c. in last year's paper.

While any statistical estimate must be taken with a pinch of salt there is no doubt that the recent burst of inflation has changed a lot of things. Not only has it pushed up the price of our food from the Common Market, etc. nearer to the Market prices and therefore made the "gap" look narrower. The rapid rise in prices has also made the added burden of membership on the housewife's purse seem less heavy than even a year ago. At a time when food prices have risen by over 10 p.c. in 11 months the additional cost of 15 p.c. spread over almost seven years hardly seems significant.

The Common Market countries are very aware that the support system for farmers developed within the Common Agricultural Policy does tend to increase food

prices. The farmers, especially in France and Germany, have always been a powerful political force and have managed to extract very favourable terms out of their Governments. But the Community knows that the C.A.P. is only one thing which will need to be changed. Europeans don't like high food prices any more than anyone else.

With food and other prices rising steadily outside the EEC and with powerful forces within the Community trying to keep farm prices at least stable, there are sound reasons for believing that the gap will continue to narrow.

On controlling the rise in the cost of living in general the Common Market is unlikely to have any short-term effect.

Progress in curbing inflation will depend more on the domestic policies of the countries concerned than in any common initiative although co-operation within the Six would help minimise the adverse effects of anti-inflationary measures.

proaching the stage where only a "European" solution can help.

Tax changes

THE MAIN TAX CHANGE will be the adoption of the Common Market's value added tax. Since the Government is already committed to replacing selective employment and purchase tax with value added tax in 1973 membership will make little difference.

COMMENT.—The nature of the tax has been widely discussed. Basically it is a tax raised at various stages of production on the value of the work done to a commodity, anything from a car to cardboard box. It is less discriminatory than either s.e.t. or purchase tax, is kinder to encourage efficiency and because it is rebated on exports will not enter the cost of our goods sent abroad. Its main disadvantage is that it is more expensive to collect.

We shall be able to fix our own rates of V.A.T. and decide which items can be exempted when we join the Common Market, at least until the Community decides to harmonise the tax. This could be a long way off. Proposals to reduce the present variety in V.A.T. within the Six have met with little success.

At the moment France and Belgium have four different rates and Germany and Holland two. Italy has still to introduce a V.A.T. The deadline for her is now January 1, 1972. Rates vary enormously. France levies at a 7.5 p.c. rate on foodstuffs, 17.6 p.c. on gas, 32.5 p.c. on most items and 33.3 p.c. on luxury goods. Germany levies 5.5 p.c. tax on foodstuffs, water and newspapers and 11 p.c. on most items.

The Community has longer-range plans for the harmonisation of other taxes like corporate taxation. There has been modest success here but the Community is still a long way from its main aim which is to see that the accumulation of capital is taxed equally throughout the E.E.C. The Coal and Steel Community, for example, has helped considerably to rationalise production on a European rather than a national scale.

ROYAL INSURANCE CHELTENHAM BONDS



Jointly sponsored by
Cheltenham & Gloucester Building Society and Royal Insurance.

Proposer and Life to be Assured (Block Capitals please)

FORENAMES _____ SURNAME _____ (Mr., Mrs., Miss)

ADDRESS _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____

Term of Policy 10 years Monthly Premium (Minimum £4) £ _____ By Direct Debit to Bank Account

1 Are you at present under medical care, having treatment, or absent from work owing to illness or injury? ☐ NO ☐ YES (Tick panel)

2 Have you been off work for any treatment, illness or injury for more than 6 consecutive working days in the last 2 years? ☐ ☐

3 Have you ever had any heart trouble, or asthma, or any growth? ☐ ☐

4 Has any proposal on your life, ever been declined, postponed, or accepted on special terms? ☐ ☐

Usual Doctor's name and address _____ known _____ years _____

I declare that to the best of my knowledge and belief I am in good health and the information given is true and complete. I consent to the Company seeking information from any doctor who has attended me or from any insurance company to which a proposal on my life has been made and I authorise the giving of such information.

DATE _____

SIGNATURE OF PROPOSER AND LIFE TO BE ASSURED _____

Cheque for First Month's Premium Payable to Royal Insurance Group should accompany this Form. STL Post to ROYAL INSURANCE (1968 FUND) LIMITED, 1 North John St., Liverpool L69 2AS

This coupon can give you a tax free investment

Provide favourable life assurance

Entitle you to withdraw your investment at any time after the first year without penalty*

The scheme is called Royal Insurance Cheltenham Bonds - jointly sponsored by Cheltenham & Gloucester Building Society and Royal Insurance. It's the savings package you need.

Under this plan, your savings count as Life Assurance premiums. They are therefore eligible for tax relief. Add this to your interest build-up over a period of 10 years and you will see it can produce a most attractive tax-free capital sum.

From the very first savings you make, we give you immediate and favourable Life Cover. If you need cash before the end of your ten year plan you can, after the first year, withdraw without penalty*. And if you're looking for a mortgage, your case will have special consideration.

This is how it works. Take the example of a man of 29 who saves £10 a month in Royal Insurance

Cheltenham Bonds. Tax relief brings the cost down to £8.45 but, after a deduction for life assurance, £9.50 is invested each month in the Cheltenham & Gloucester Building Society where it immediately starts to earn interest. If building society interest rates remain at their present level, this would give a sum of £1,460 after 10 years - a tax free gain of £446 plus Life Cover of £1,800 throughout the period.

* If you withdraw your money within the first year we deduct a month's investment to cover administrative expenses.

ABRIDGED PARTICULARS

By an OFFER FOR SALE by

SINGER & FRIEDLANDER LIMITED

THE PUBLIC ARE BEING INVITED TO PURCHASE

at 80p per share 1,100,000 shares of

KETTERING MOTOR SERVICE GROUP LIMITED

Application has been made to the Council of The Stock Exchange, London for permission to deal in and for quotation for the shares of Kettering Motor Service Group Limited. The public are invited to purchase 1,100,000 Ordinary shares out of the total of 3,000,000 shares in issue at a price of 80p per share.

The Group is one of the largest suppliers to the private motorist in the United Kingdom of replacement tyres, exhaust systems and brake linings which are fitted on a while-you-wait basis. The Group is also a major retailer of motor parts and accessories at discount prices. Through its subsidiaries Spa Factors of Coventry Limited and Spa Factors of Scotland Limited, it sells motor parts and accessories both on a cash and carry basis and for wholesale delivery.

Kettering's business of selling tyres direct to the public commenced in the Midlands and the Group's retail outlets are still centred principally in that area. Sales of tyres still account for approximately 58 per cent of retail turnover. But in recent years the Group has widened its activities by supplying other motor parts and accessories and specialist services to the motorist.

Since 1968 the policy has been followed of altering or extending all retail branches wherever practicable to include a self-service accessory shop and/or a "safety centre", where exhaust systems and brake linings are sold and fitted as a while-you-wait service. The Group now has a total of 62 retail outlets: 53 of these are equipped to fit tyres and batteries, 42 have "safety centres" and 38 accessory shops, while 24 are equipped to provide all services and have an accessory shop.

Spa was one of the first cash and carry motor accessory wholesalers in the United Kingdom and is now a leader in this field. Its business consists of the purchase of motor parts and accessories from the manufacturers and the subsequent sale of them to retailers on a cash and carry basis, and to the various retail outlets of the Group. In addition, Spa has evolved a new sales outlet which has contributed significantly to the rate of growth in its turnover, namely the supply of motor parts and accessories on monthly credit terms to supermarkets and also to wholesale grocers having national coverage who are themselves selling on a cash and carry basis.

Sales and profits have been as follows:

| Year ended 30th June | Turnover £ | Profits before Taxation £ |
|----------------------|------------|---------------------------|
| 1966 | 582,000 | 6,483 |
| 1967 | 827,000 | 24,132 |
| 1968 | 1,603,000 | 92,542 |
| 1969 | 2,377,000 | 111,697 |

1st July 1969 to 27th September 1970 (15 months period) 4,437,000 243,357

28th September 1970 to 28th March 1971 (6 months period) 2,768,000 162,834

The Directors are of the opinion that, in the absence of unforeseen circumstances, the

profits of the Group before taxation for the year ending 28th September 1971 will be not less than £330,000. In that event, the Directors expect to recommend for payment in or about March 1972, an ordinary dividend for the year ending 28th September 1971 of 25 per cent less tax. And they would expect to recommend ordinary dividends in respect of a full year totalling not less than 40 per cent. On this basis, at the Offer price of 80p per share, the gross dividend yield would be 5 per cent, the dividend would be covered 1.65 times and the price earnings ratio would be 12.1.

The Group's retail business has been successfully expanded over thirteen years by the opening of new and the acquisition of established outlets and it is intended to continue this policy. During the past twelve months five new branches and four new concessions have been opened and nine existing branches have been improved or extended to add "safety centres" and/or accessory shops. At present, plans to re-site or extend existing branches, four more new branches are being prepared for opening in the near future and three new branches and two additional concessions on out-of-town multiple trading sites are being negotiated.

Applications will be accepted up to 10 a.m. on 15th July, 1971.

Full details of the company, its directors and prospects, and information as to how to apply for the shares will be available in the prospectus, on the basis of which alone application will be considered.

Prospectuses will be available on application to **SINGER & FRIEDLANDER LIMITED**, New Issue Department, Walker House, 87 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4V 4AN; 123 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham B16 8LP; Westminster House, Park Row, Leeds LS1 5BQ; 33 Brindley Street, Nottingham G1 2BG; 14 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow G1. **L. MESSEL & CO.** Winchester House, 100 Old Broad Street, London EC2P 2HX.

TAX PLANNING FOR THE LAYMAN - 9

Liability when working abroad

TAX Planning for the Layman number 8 dealt with the individual who retained his United Kingdom residence status while working abroad and this article moves one stage further, to the individual who decides to leave the United Kingdom for a substantial period of time to work abroad.

Where you leave the United Kingdom to work full time abroad and your job does not require you to work in the U.K. at all, provided that the period of your absence abroad includes a complete tax year (6th April - 5th April) you will not be liable to United Kingdom taxation on your earnings

for the whole of the period when you are working abroad. Care must, however, be taken if a condition of the overseas employment provides for home leave because if you return to the United Kingdom for six months' leave in one complete tax year, then you will be regarded as resident for that particular year. Similarly, if during the overseas employment you spend an average of three months or more in the United Kingdom for any years then you will be regarded as resident for those years. If either of the above two positions arise then any amounts remitted to or brought into the U.K. in the years in which you are deemed to be resident will be liable to U.K. taxation.

Income arising in the United Kingdom while you are working abroad, e.g. bank deposit interest, dividends for United Kingdom companies etc. will be liable to U.K. taxation in the normal way.

Provided, however, that you are a British subject, then you will be able to claim your normal United Kingdom personal reliefs against your United Kingdom income and receive an income tax repayment. This relief is subject to the overriding restriction that your total United Kingdom income tax liability must not be reduced below the proportion which the United Kingdom income bears to the total income wherever arising as illustrated by the example below.

Example: A is a British subject, married with no children, working for three years in Switzerland. In 1971/72 his income from his Swiss employment amounted to £23,000 and he received dividends from United Kingdom companies amounting to £1,000 which were taxed at standard rate.

As A is a British subject he can claim repayment of income tax for the personal reliefs due to him for 1971/72.

United Kingdom income £23,000
LESS Personal allowance 465
United Kingdom tax calculated on £22,535
Tax thereon at 35.75% £227.31
LESS Deducted at source from dividends 387.50
Repayment due £159.19

But the restriction must be applied because the computation based on overall income will give rise to a lower repayment. (See Table "A" left).

Benefits can also arise for capital gains tax if you are a British subject going abroad for the purpose of overseas employment. As you are not resident or ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom your assets may

be sold without any liability to capital gains tax. In addition, if you wish to retain your investments for a longer period, it may be worthwhile for you to sell your assets and repurchase them, thus acquiring a higher acquisition cost for your ultimate disposal.

Example: B is a British subject working in Switzerland and is neither resident or ordinarily resident in 1971/72. B holds 1,000 shares in a quoted United Kingdom company which he purchased for £500 in 1968. The value of the shares in the company is rising rapidly and B would like to sell the shares in 1973 on his return to the U.K. when the value is likely to be £2,000. The value of the shares on 1st January 1972 is £1,500. B would therefore sell the shares in January 1972 and reacquire them almost immediately. His capital gains tax liability is calculated in the table "B" left.

If you are abroad, your overseas income may be liable to local taxation and the advantages which accrue to you from the United Kingdom tax saving may be more than offset by the additional liabilities in the country of your choice if that country's tax rates are higher than United Kingdom rates. Similarly local liabilities may arise from capital gains tax, so care must be taken in choosing the country if one of the reasons for your move is to reduce your overall taxation liabilities.

INVESTMENT INQUIRY BUREAU

THE Sunday Telegraph Investment Inquiry Bureau is happy to answer readers' investment queries free of charge by post. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope and ask about ONE share or topic only. Taxation queries are answered by our tax experts.

When the agent runs off with the rent...

I LET a London suburban shop on a ten-year lease at £500 p.a. exclusive. I received through the agent the June and September quarters' rent, less commission, i.e. £230, but I now learn that although the December quarter's rent was paid to me direct by the tenant, will it be in order if I show £235 (£230 + £125) on my current return?

I am afraid not, and it seems that the assessment for 1970/71 will have to be made on the full rent to which you were entitled as distinct from the actual receipts.

There is no relief in the Income Tax Acts in respect of rent collected by an agent, and lost through his default, as

TAX CONSULTANT

was decided in the *Pyne v. Stallard Penoyre* case. If, however, it had been the tenant who had defaulted, and reasonable steps to enforce payment had been taken, a claim for "lost rent" would be admitted.

As the trustee of settled property held for two life tenants, I am told that when the first 15 years period of administration ends this month, all the trust assets are to be revalued for capital gains tax as though they had actually been disposed at the then market value. I can understand this action when a life tenant dies, but what is the relevance of the 15 year period?

This was one of the punitive provisions of the 1965 Act and was intended to counteract the capital growth of trust funds, by imposing a capital gains charge on the "notional" dis-

posal and re-acquisition of all trust assets, at 15-year periods. (Section 25(7) of the Finance Act 1965).

In view, however, of the considerable pressure brought to bear on the Chancellor, he repealed this charging section in his 1971 Budget, and no such charge will be competent for any 15-year trust period ending after March 30, 1971. Also embodied in the Finance Act now awaiting final approval, is an extension of this concession to the normal case where a life tenant dies during the trust administration.

My husband died on November 1, 1970. Up to that date, the only disposal was the "deemed" disposal on death, amounting to only £800, which was covered by the £5,000 Exemption. In February, as the residuary legatee, I sold the two holdings which had come to me from his estate, for £425, and I am now told that since the total disposal "during 1970/71" far exceeded £500 I must pay gains tax on the £110 profit realised on my own disposals. Is this correct?

No, you have no liability for gains tax on the profit from the inherited holdings, as the disposals were under £500. The Finance Bill 1971 refers to "individual" disposals, and specifically exempts from aggregation any "deemed" disposals on death. But in any case, even if your husband had had any liability for gains tax up to the date of death, there would have been no grounds for grouping these with your disposals as you are, of course, an entirely separate individual as a widow.

While every effort is made to ensure accuracy THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH cannot accept legal responsibility for the answers given.

Draw the income you want 5% to 10% after income tax

If you want your investment to yield the income that really suits you, the Barclays Unicorn Withdrawal Plan is an easy and attractive alternative to an annuity or a fixed interest investment.

By withdrawing a part of your capital every year you may pay less tax, while capital growth can maintain or may even increase the value of your remaining investment.

You invest a minimum of £1,000 in a Barclays Unicorn Unit Trust, and choose the annual net rate of income you want - 5%, 6%, 7%, 8%, 9% or 10%.

The payments, which you receive half-yearly, are made up of the net income from your holding, plus as much capital from the sale of shares as is needed to make up the required amount. You know exactly how much you are going to get.

The table below shows how you would have fared if this plan had been available when Unicorn Capital Trust was started. It assumes an investment of £5,000, and an income after income tax of 8%, which is £400 a year.

| Year | Annual Payment (After Tax) | Realisable Value of remaining shares (1st October) |
|------|----------------------------|--|
| 1958 | £400.00 | £5,671.59 |
| 1959 | £400.00 | £7,268.39 |
| 1960 | £400.00 | £8,979.99 |
| 1961 | £400.00 | £8,036.83 |
| 1962 | £400.00 | £8,331.93 |
| 1963 | £400.00 | £9,610.96 |
| 1964 | £400.00 | £9,833.44 |
| 1965 | £400.00 | £8,840.63 |
| 1966 | £400.00 | £8,249.65 |
| 1967 | £400.00 | £10,086.61 |
| 1968 | £400.00 | £14,429.11 |
| 1969 | £400.00 | £11,926.02 |
| 1970 | £400.00 | £11,773.35 |

So you would have got £400 a year (£5,200 to date), and more than doubled your money.

to: Barclays Unicorn Ltd., Unicorn House, 252 Romford Road, London, E7 9JB

Please send me further details of the Barclays Unicorn Withdrawal Plan.

Name

Address



BARCLAYS UNICORN

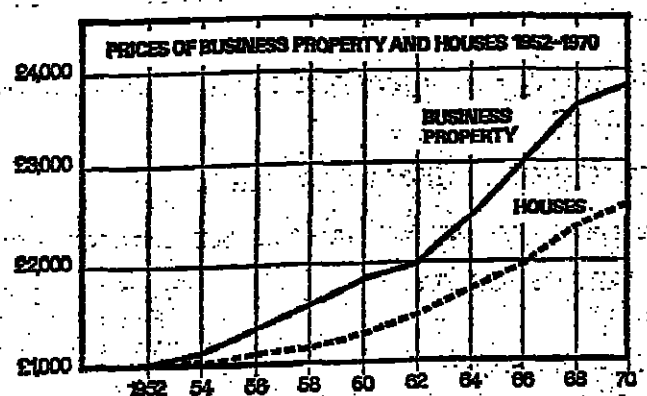
Draw 6% p.a. tax free

-with all the security and growth potential of Hambro Property Investment Bonds

Since the beginning of May over 2,750 people have invested nearly £3,000,000 to make the launch of Hambro Property Investment Bonds the most successful ever.

Why? Because of the following important advantages:

1. The security and growth potential of first-class business property.
2. Backing by Hambros, one of the most famous names in British banking.
3. Management by an outstandingly successful team, led by Mark Weinberg, with an advisory panel of property experts.
4. Increasing life assurance cover built in at no extra cost.
5. Valuable tax advantages.



1 First-class business property
Everyone knows from their own experience that the prices of houses have risen dramatically over the years. The graph, specially commissioned by Hambro Life from the Economist Intelligence Unit, shows how business property has risen in value even more dramatically over the last 18 years.

Naturally, there can be no guarantee that business property prices will continue to rise in the future at the same rate as they have in the past.

Indeed, values could fall as well as rise. But the historical trend has been strongly upwards; and, in our opinion, a well-selected spread of business property is likely to prove a highly rewarding investment.

To combine the prospects of good capital growth with a secure and rising rental income, the policy of the Fund is to invest in first-rate office buildings, shops and industrial premises in the growth areas of the United Kingdom, let on long leases to good quality tenants with regular rent reviews. Initially, up to 20% may be invested in financing new buildings in partnership with established developers. To improve its yield and growth prospects, the Fund may, in proper circumstances, buy property subject to an existing mortgage or borrow against properties to purchase further buildings, provided total borrowing does not exceed 25%.

Rental and other income, after expenses, charges and tax, is automatically reinvested in the Fund to increase the value of your Bonds.

2 The security of Hambros
Hambro Life is a member of the Hambros Bank Group. This means that as well as enjoying the backing of one of the leading merchant bank groups in the world, Hambro Life will be able to invest the whole of its Fund in property. The Company has a standby credit with Hambros Bank - initially set at £1 million - which makes it unnecessary to maintain a margin of liquidity inside the Fund in present circumstances.

3 Management expertise
Hambro Life is managed by a team, led by Mark Weinberg, who have had outstanding experience in the field of property bonds. Their achievements include founding and building up one of the

How you can draw 6% p.a. tax free

If you invest at least £1,000 you can take advantage of the 6% per annum Cash Withdrawal Plan.

Twice a year, 3% of your Units will automatically be cashed-in and you will be sent a cheque for the proceeds. This amount is free of income and capital gains tax.

Assuming the net rental income accumulated in the Fund is 3 1/2% per annum, the capital value of the investments in the Fund will have to grow by

2 1/2% p.a. (after allowing for capital gains tax) in order to maintain the original value of the Bonds calculated at the offered price. Of course, to the extent that the capital growth is greater, the value of your remaining Bonds will grow even after you have drawn 6% per annum in cash.

* If you're a surtax payer, you'll be liable for surtax solely on the profit element in the 6%.

largest and most successful life assurance companies in the country.

A panel of experts with wide property experience has been set up to determine policy and to supervise the investment of the Fund. The members of the panel are: J. E. Cullis, Chartered Surveyor; J. N. C. James of the

Grosvenor Estate; and Geoffrey Morley, former investment manager of the Shell Pension Fund. Under the guidance of these experts, a full-time property investment manager, who is himself a Chartered Surveyor, will manage the Fund on a day-to-day basis.

A leading firm of Char-



Hambro Property Investment Bonds

tered Surveyors, Messrs. Jones, Lang, Wootton, will independently value the properties in the Fund at least once a year.

4 Increasing life assurance

Unlike any other property bond, Hambro Property Investment Bonds have a built-in life assurance benefit which actually increases with the value of the Bonds themselves. This means that the amount payable either to your family or your estate on your death is always in excess of the actual cash-in value of your Bonds.

5 Tax advantages

The rental and other income which is accumulated in the Fund for your benefit is subject to tax at only the reduced life assurance company rate of 3 1/2%. It is not treated as your income for tax purposes, so that you pay no income tax on it. There may be a liability to surtax when you take out the proceeds if you are then liable to surtax, but this amount is calculated on advantageous terms.

You are not liable to capital gains tax, and do not have the trouble of keeping records. The price of the Units is adjusted to allow for the Fund's own prospective liability. In current circumstances it is intended to restrict this deduction to 20% of the capital growth.

How can I watch the value of my Bonds?

The Hambro Property Investment Fund is split into Units and the value of the Fund is calculated twice a month. The resulting offered and bid prices are published in The Times, Financial Times and other leading national newspapers.

How do I cash my Bonds?

You can cash-in your Bonds at any time by sending in a simple claim form, and will receive a cheque within a few days.

To ensure that Bondholders receive the maximum value when cashing-in their Bonds - even in the very unlikely circumstances when it may be necessary to sell properties to meet withdrawals - the Company considers it prudent to reserve the right to defer repayment in exceptional conditions for up to 6 months. This will not apply in the case of the death of a Bondholder.

What are Hambro Life's charges?

The offered price of the Units takes into account an initial charge of 5% and a rounding-up charge on unit trust principles. In addition, Hambro Life receives an annual charge of 3% of the value of the Fund. This covers the cost of providing the life assurance benefit as well as the Company's expenses.

The cost of buying, selling and managing the properties, as well as the valuation fees, are paid out of the Fund, and will not exceed the charges laid down by the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors.

Annual Report

Every year you will be sent the Annual Report of the Fund, giving a full description of all the properties, the names of the tenants and when the rents under the leases come up for review, together with the valuations of the property by the independent valuers.

How do I buy Hambro Property Investment Bonds?

Simply complete the application form and send it in with a cheque for the amount you wish to invest. Your Bonds will be sent to you within four weeks.

To: Hambro Life Assurance Limited, 6 Little Portland Street, London, W.1. 01-637 2781

I wish to invest £ (minimum £250) in Hambro Property Investment Bonds and enclose a cheque for this amount payable to Hambros Bank Limited.

Surname: Mr./Mrs./Miss

Full First Names

Address

Occupation

Date of Birth

Are you in good health and free from effects of any accident or illness? If not, please give or attach details.

Tick here for 6% 'Cash Withdrawal Plan' (minimum investment £1,000)

Signature

Date

ST SP 3

Send in your application and cheque now to get the benefit of Units allocated at the current offered price of £1.01. Offer closes on Friday, 16th July, 1971.

The death benefit is a percentage of the cash-in value of your Bonds, depending on your age at death. Specimen examples are set out below (a full table appears in the Bond policy).

Age 30-250%
Age 40-150%
Age 50-100%
Age 60-111%
Age 70-104%

These benefits come into force only upon the acceptance of your application by the Company, which reserves the right to offer restricted life cover if you are not in good health or for any other reason. Commission of 1971 will be paid on any application bearing the stamp of a bank, insurance broker, stockbroker, solicitor, accountant or estate agent. This advertisement is based on legal opinion regarding present law.

By Arthur Bowers

You know where you are with Wimpey

THURLEY—
THE ENGLISH RIVIERA
ADJACENT TO THE RIVER
BAIKRAM

Three fully 4-bedroomed luxury split level homes with swimming pools and all advantages of the magnificent view across the Harbour and Torbay. Spacious, bright, airy, comfortable, well equipped, stone-built feature residences. Call today for more details. Price from \$1,500,000. First property available for immediate occupation. Call for details. **THE TOWERS, TORBAY, N.Z.**

conts. An impressive architect-designed split level property well-sited on a natural hillside overlooking the sea. The property has a C.M. and double glazing. The spacious lounge has a fireplace and bay window. The double wall being double glazed with sliding doors opening onto a terrace. The kitchen has a built-in wardrobe decorated in brick and wood paneling, giving access to a large paved area. The property has a wing consisting of three double beds, bathroom & sep. w.c. The property is situated on a quiet road, is situated between the railway track & district road. The asking price is £20,000. For particulars apply to the agent.

finished solid level property
 100 ft. x 100 ft. 100 ft. x 100 ft.
 C.H. and double glazing. The spacious
 kitchen has a built-in oven and
 patio, the whole wall being double
 glazed with sliding doors. The
 ground floor has a large living room
 with a fireplace, a large dining
 room with a fireplace, a large
 kitchen with a built-in oven and
 a large level living consisting of three
 double beds, bathroom & w.c. w.e.
 and a large terrace. The property
 is situated between the railway
 and the main road. The property
 is available for sale at £200,000.
 Ind. of carpeting and various f. & f.

OVERSEAS PROPERTIES

TENERIFE

Canary Islands

Retire or invest in a superb holiday home in the heart of the island of Tenerife. The property is situated in a quiet residential area and is ideal for those who want to escape the heat of the sun and the bustle of the city. The house is built on a hillside and offers a panoramic view of the sea and the mountains. The property is well maintained and is in excellent condition. It is a rare opportunity to own a piece of paradise in the heart of the island.

2-BEDROOM FLATS AT £4,625

AA properties, we have a property in the heart of the island of Tenerife. The property is situated in a quiet residential area and is ideal for those who want to escape the heat of the sun and the bustle of the city. The house is built on a hillside and offers a panoramic view of the sea and the mountains. The property is well maintained and is in excellent condition. It is a rare opportunity to own a piece of paradise in the heart of the island.

CHILCOTT, WHITE & CO.
125 South End, Croydon. Tel. 01-688 4151

COSTA DE LA LUZ

SPAIN

Large villa in the heart of the island of Costa de la Luz. The property is situated in a quiet residential area and is ideal for those who want to escape the heat of the sun and the bustle of the city. The house is built on a hillside and offers a panoramic view of the sea and the mountains. The property is well maintained and is in excellent condition. It is a rare opportunity to own a piece of paradise in the heart of the island.

COSTA DE LA LUZ (Properties) LTD.
Stafford Road, Darlington.
Tel. 021-226 2461.

PROPERTY

CHOBHAM RIDGES, CAMBERLEY, SURREY

Superb country residence with 12 rooms and 10 bathrooms. The property is situated in a quiet residential area and is ideal for those who want to escape the heat of the sun and the bustle of the city. The house is built on a hillside and offers a panoramic view of the sea and the mountains. The property is well maintained and is in excellent condition. It is a rare opportunity to own a piece of paradise in the heart of the island.

MANN & CO.
Camberley Office: 7 High Street.
Tel.: 0231 or 245411

South Switzerland LUGANO

We build and sell freehold villas and flats in and around the town of Lugano. The property is situated in a quiet residential area and is ideal for those who want to escape the heat of the sun and the bustle of the city. The house is built on a hillside and offers a panoramic view of the sea and the mountains. The property is well maintained and is in excellent condition. It is a rare opportunity to own a piece of paradise in the heart of the island.

52 BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Tel. 01-252 3171

MALTA

SEND FOR PROPERTY SALES LIST. The list contains details of all the properties for sale in Malta. The property is situated in a quiet residential area and is ideal for those who want to escape the heat of the sun and the bustle of the city. The house is built on a hillside and offers a panoramic view of the sea and the mountains. The property is well maintained and is in excellent condition. It is a rare opportunity to own a piece of paradise in the heart of the island.

LEWIS & CO.
30 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4.
Tel. 01-425 4261.

South Switzerland LUGANO

We build and sell freehold villas and flats in and around the town of Lugano. The property is situated in a quiet residential area and is ideal for those who want to escape the heat of the sun and the bustle of the city. The house is built on a hillside and offers a panoramic view of the sea and the mountains. The property is well maintained and is in excellent condition. It is a rare opportunity to own a piece of paradise in the heart of the island.

52 BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Tel. 01-252 3171

MALTA

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LEWIS & CO.
30 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4.
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MOTING

By Courtenay Edwards

Europe's car-makers link production

THREE of Europe's leading car manufacturers—Renault, Peugeot and Volvo—have embarked on a joint scheme to develop and build piston engines for use in models produced by all three companies. It is the most important plan for international co-operation the European motor industry has seen for a long time.

These multi-national engines will be built in a factory at Douvres, in the Pas de Calais, erected and financed on equal terms by the three companies. Production should total 350,000 engines a year within 10 years according to Volvo's new president and chief executive, Mr. Per Gyllenhammar.

During a visit to Volvo headquarters at Torslanda, on the outskirts of Gothenburg, I was given details of this arrangement. The Swedish firm has entered into a joint venture with the two French manufacturers to develop and build piston engines for use in models produced by all three companies. It is the most important plan for international co-operation the European motor industry has seen for a long time.

plant at Ghent in Belgium is being stepped up from 25,000 cars a year to 70,000 by 1975 and these cars will have an increasingly high content of components bought duty-free in Britain and other Common Market countries.

Last year Volvo bought close on £27 million worth of brakes, carburettors, gearboxes and other items from Britain. This year the total value of Volvo models exported to Britain, but sales of these cars, with their advanced safety, anti-pollution and corrosion-resistant features, are increasing.

Mr. John Wagner, the new managing director of Volvo's U.K. concessionaries—a subsidiary of the Lex Garage Group—told me that a record 5,790 Volvos were sold in Britain in the first half of 1971. That is more than double the figure for the whole of 1969.

Road violence

IF your next-door neighbour is for ever polishing and massaging the flanks of his car he may be indulging in an erotic display prompted by the coldness of an unsympathetic wife. This is one of many astonishing ideas canvassed by Professor A. F. Whitlock in a newly-published book, "Death on the Road: A Study in Social Violence" (Tavistock Publications, £2.90).

The author seems to be obsessed with the idea that all motorists have a dangerous secret desire to kill. He is obviously one of those psychologists who, having formed a theory about road deaths, try desperately hard to make the statistics fit that theory. And he has done a lot of research in the hope of doing so.

He sees the motorist in terms of an animal defending his territory against attack or threatened invasion. Many drivers, he argues, have a lot of repressed anger and aggressive behaviour which share with house property the same capacity for arousing anger and aggressive behaviour in their defence.

Of course there are aggressive drivers. They include people who have a lot of repressed anger and aggressive behaviour which share with house property the same capacity for arousing anger and aggressive behaviour in their defence.



highest mistake is to give the impression that the vast majority of drivers are aggressive. He also falls into the error of quoting too many other writers without making it clear whether they agree with their views or not.

I would have read "Death on the Road" with greater pleasure and profit had the author been able to make some sensible suggestions about road safety. He doesn't think ordinary punishment by fine or licence suspension does any good and naively suggests that offenders should have their cars impounded after an accident or other incident, pending a court hearing. By whom would these cars be seized, I wonder, and on whose authority?

Professor Whitlock is more constructive when he advocates defensive driving and when he argues that children will probably grow up to become aggressive motorists if they are accustomed to excessive speeds or hounding abuse at other road users.

Easy timing

BRACE yourselves for a technical interlude. . . An Enfield, Middlesex, reader wrote bemoaning the fact that the latest Ford Escorts are not fitted with a Vernier device on the distributor for easy adjustment of the ignition timing to advance or retard the spark.

He wrote to Ford (whose ignition systems are made by their Autolite subsidiary) and

they explained that as their latest Escorts have nine-to-one compression ratios, the ignition has to be set very accurately with the aid of a strobe timing light, and should never subsequently be tampered with.

Easy-to-adjust timing mechanism was all right when compression ratios for this type of car were only 8.3-to-one, permitting the use of petrol of varying octane values. It was then very difficult to have a Vernier adjustment. Ford don't fit it on any of their current models, nor is it offered as an extra. "With modern fuels," a spokesman commented, "ignition can be advanced into the danger zone long before pinking occurs."

I asked Lucas, who supply ignition systems for many British cars, what their policy is. They said most of their 4-cyl. and 6-cyl. distributors still have Vernier adjustment but that special vacuum control ignition units are fitted to help give a cleaner exhaust—in particular on vehicles exported to the United States—the Vernier device is omitted or locked.

Lucas engines think anti-pollution legislation will result in the complete disappearance of Vernier adjustment to make it impossible for car owners to alter critical, "clean exhaust" ignition timing.

Makers of ignition distributors in the United States have long been cool on Vernier adjustment, but for a different reason. They have been mainly concerned with V8 engines, on which Vernier adjustment calls for inconveniently greater size.

MOTOR SPORT

£40,000 in prizes

TWENTY-FIVE drivers from 13 countries are down to drive in the R.A.C.'s British Grand Prix at Silverstone next Saturday. This is the sixth round in the world championship of drivers and following his victory in the French Grand Prix last Sunday Jackie Stewart (Tyrrell-Ford) is now leading the championship with 33 points, which give him a 14-point lead over his closest challenger, Jackie Ickx, whose Ferrari on Sunday dropped out with engine trouble on the fifth lap.

Stewart won the British Grand Prix when it was last held at Silverstone two years ago. Sponsored by the International Wool Secretariat, this year's 69-lap race (200 miles) will be the highlight of a three-race meeting offering nearly £40,000 in prize money.

The Grand Prix itself will have a distinctly international flavour, with three British drivers, three each from France and New Zealand and two each from Sweden, Switzerland and Australia. There will be others from Belgium, Brazil, Germany, Italy, Mexico, Spain and the U.S.

Rivalry will be strong between the points-hungry works teams and especially between those powered respectively by Ford-Cosworth V8 engines (Tyrrell, Lotus, Brabham, McLaren, March and Surtees) and those with 12-cylinder motors: Ferrari, B.R.M. and Matra.

The four ex-world champions taking part will all be relying on Ford-Cosworth units: Stewart, Graham Hill (a starter in every British Grand Prix since 1959, who is driving a Brabham), John Surtees (at the wheel of a car built by him and entered by Rob Walker) and Denny Hulme (McLaren team leader, better known for his two-seater Can-Am exploits in this marquee).

Apart from Stewart, the only driver in Saturday's race who has previously won the British Grand Prix is Jo Siffert of Switzerland, who is driving a B.R.M. The car in which he finished fourth in the recent French Grand Prix.

The main contenders on Saturday will be: Lotus: P. Fittipaldi, W. P. Jones and J. Siffert; Ferrari: J. Ickx, Clay Regazzoni, N. Piquet, H. Stuck and C. Schlesinger; McLaren: D. Hulme, G. Amon and J. Surtees; Brabham: J. Surtees, S. Stommelen and B. Bell.

SCHOOL FEES

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SUNDAY TELEGRAPH Two-in-One Crossword

Prize Puzzle No. 542

ACROSS

7 My going without a hair-cut on marriage (9)
8 No exclusive order (5)
10 Occasionally (2, 3, 3)
11 Magic transformation of poster (6)
12 On reflection this land mass states a literal fact (4)
13 Triangular manipulation (8)
15 Intended to convey that the rascal prevaricated (7)
17 Puts aside domestic features (7)
20 A safe line in footwear (8)
22 More common (4)
23 Water about everybody for the dance (6)
24 One is more or other? What cheek! (4, 4)
26 Confusion in court (5)
28 Biological character once dim possibly to (8)

DOWN

1 Note, relative is spare (3)
2 Bagpipe parts for idlers (6)
3 Optic male issue as offer in sacrifice (8)
4 Tucked away aghastly (2, 1, 4)
5 Whole of 13 (6)
6 Periods for judgments (7)
9 Sit around quietly and dig (4)
11 Weapons for Lilliputians? (5-4)
14 Mistlebrieked without at least a leg to stand on (8)
18 London street at the end of the second quarter (4)
21 Face (anag.) (it's not!) (7)
22 Potability in the boathouse (4)
25 More charitable emissary in the Peninsules (6)

COMPETITION No. 542

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH Two-in-One Crossword

'Quickie' No. 272

ACROSS

7 Calamities (9)
8 Call on tugging (5)
10 Scatter (6)
11 Went down (6)
12 Came down—cruel (4)
13 Scatter (8)
15 Carelessness (7)
17 Offers (7)
20 Go down (8)
22 English poet (4)
23 Fish (6)
24 People held as pledges (8)
26 Baroque (8)
28 Working band (9)

DOWN

1 Very bright (5)
2 Mark with spots (6)
3 Surprised (8)
4 Pals (7)
5 Mended (8)
6 Opponent (9)
7 Fish (4)
8 Tapered (9)
9 Tapered (8)
10 Shelterless state (6)
11 Possibly (7)
12 Queen's name (4)
13 Queen in position (6)
14 Gusto (5)

Solution on Page 29

